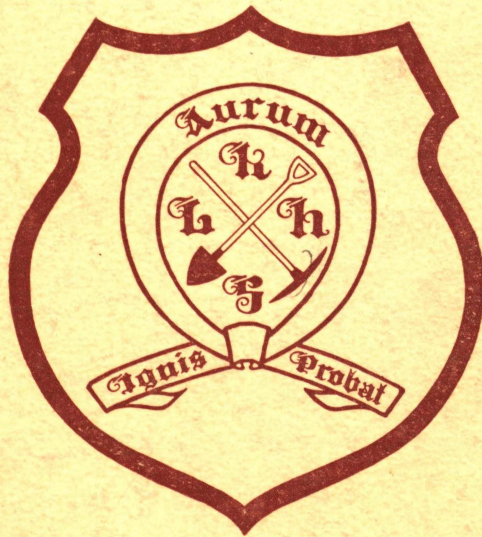


Novum Kirkland

Novum Carmen



First Annual Number - June, 1931

Issued by the Students of
KIRKLAND LAKE HIGH SCHOOL

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FIRST ANNUAL NUMBER

Issued by the Pupils of Kirkland Lake High School

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Associate Editor — Mary Ginn.

Literary Editor — Jack Grisdale.

Social Editor — Eileen Larkin

Sports Editors — Irene Craig, Andrew Black.

Alumni Editors — Douglas Scanlon, Jean Doyon.

Art — Alice Porcheron, Florena Cramp.

Reporters

Fourth and Fifth Form — Ethel Duke.

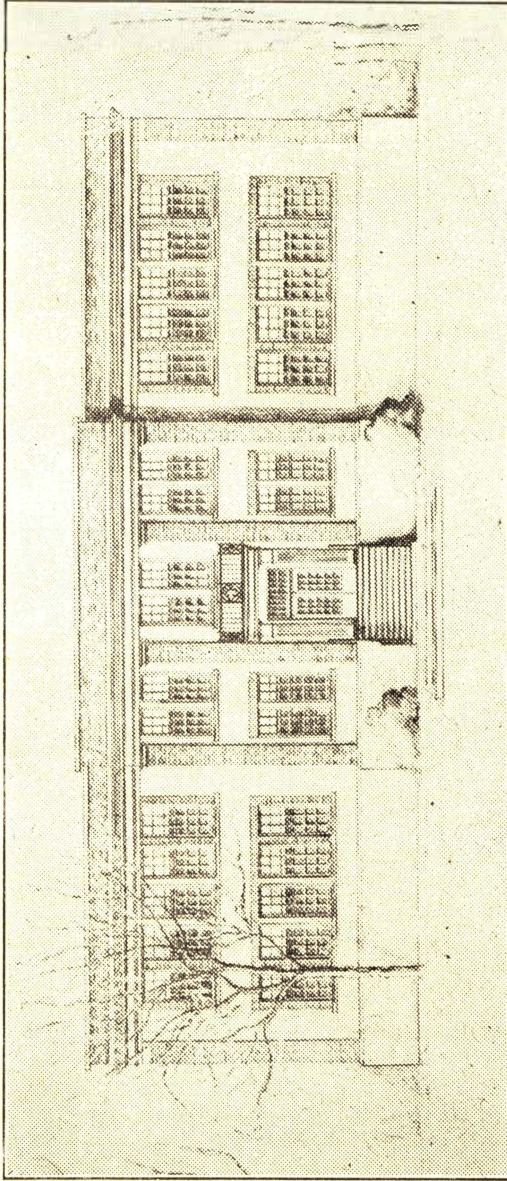
Third Form — Gwen Devenny.

Second Form — Jean Danard, Alex. Perron.

First Form — Lucie Robertson, Eddie Duke.

Business Executive

Harold Tole, R. Howard, W. Tresidder, John McKeown.



FRONT VIEW KIRKLAND LAKE HIGH SCHOOL.

FOREWORD



Monday, November 9th, 1930. What a memorable day for the students of K. L. H. S.! On that day we left forever the cramped old building and took possession of the spacious halls, large classrooms, laboratory and gymnasium of our wonderful new school.

It comes to us merely a building—a fine piece of modern workmanship. Architects, carpenters and plasterers have done their share—and done it well. The rest is up to us.

We have a difficult task before us; that of establishing a tradition of honour, good sportsmanship and high endeavour, that indefinable "esprit-de-corps" must fill every nook and cranny. A difficult task, but could there be a more worthwhile one?

When we graduate may we leave a school that is more than brick and mortar; a school that cherishes ideals and maintains high standards for the newcomer to surpass. May we go into the world with an insurmountable ambition and the determination to accomplish great things; not necessarily to become famous, only the few can attain that height, but to be a success at whatsoever we choose to do; to surround ourselves with an atmosphere of achievement and to make our lives a true inspiration for those who follow.

MARY GINN.



The growth of the High School in Kirkland Lake has paralleled very closely the development of the area as a mining camp. The first beginning was a Continuation School under the principalship of Mr. Bigelow in 1923. In 1924 Mr. McDermid was in charge and a second teacher was added to the staff. From this time on the growth was rapid in number of pupils, and teachers required. In June, 1928, the School closed as a Continuation and opened in September of the same year as a High School. It became quite apparent now that a new building would have to be erected and plans were under consideration through 1929, while the Board in the meantime built an annex to house the increasing number of pupils.

A site was first chosen on Wright-Hargreaves property but this was found to be impracticable and another choice was made and a site secured on Second Street. In May, 1930, work began on the present building, which was completed at the end of October. By this time the enrolment was about one hundred and eighty and required a staff of eight teachers which requirement was met in January, 1931. In a fast growing community with emergency calls in many directions, the Board, with Mr. L. A. Lillico as chairman, and the township under the Reeveship of Mr. Evoy, are to be congratulated for this contribution to Secondary Education.

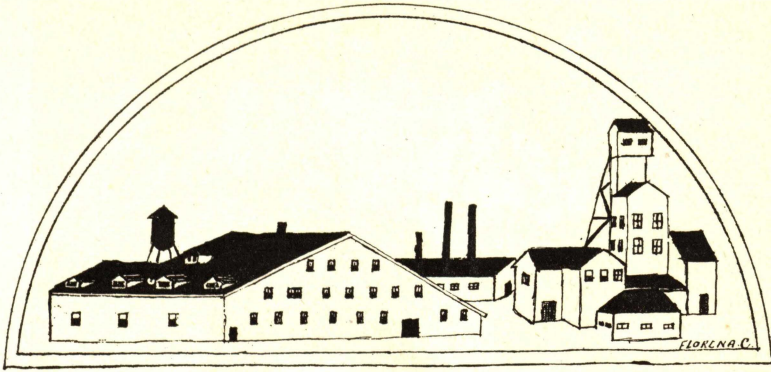
Thereby hangs another tale. With this new equipment at its disposal, the students are getting into their proper stride by doing what so many other schools in the province are doing, in publishing a school magazine. I mention these together because I think they have quite a close bearing on one another. The publication of a paper is at least one part of a harvest which will always be reaped, showing on the one hand the appreciation of both pupils and teachers for this investment in education and on the other hand justifying the foresight of the community in the future possibilities of its rising generation. The pupils are to be commended for this attempt—no matter what it may be—in this the first year of occupying their new school.

C. H. DANARD,
Principal.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Front Row (left to right), W. Tresidder, Barbara Gowans, Miss W. Rutherford, Mary Ginn, Jean Doyon. Second Row, A. Black, Norma Anderson, Jean Danard, Florena Cramp, Lucie Robertson, Eileen Larkin. Back Row, Irene Craig, H. Tole, Ethel Duke, J. Grisdale, D. Scanlon. Absentees, Alice Porcheron, Gwen Devenny, J. McKeown, A. Perron, E. Duke, R. Howard.



Editorial

The seven o'clock whistles blow, sharp, piercing and commanding; countless men start the never-ending task of extorting from the earth its horded treasure—gold. Day after day, week after week, and year after year the struggle goes on. Jealously the earth guards her store and persistently and painstakingly it is wrested from her and converted into the gold bullion, for the markets of the commercial world.

At nine o'clock the bell rings, and into the school pour the students-miners after knowledge. From nine to four, with book and ambition they delve deep into the past for that elusive mineral—learning.

Down the shaft, through the cross-cuts, along the drifts to the stopes, the miners go. Soon the machines are going; holes are drilled, dynamite is forced into these holes, and the rock is blasted into fragments.

As the smoke clears away the workers hasten to the scene. Now they are busy with pick and shovel, filling the cars that wait to carry the broken rock to the surface, where it is milled, the gold refined and finally made into bullion. Thus the gold reaches the pleasure-loving world where it is valued in terms of yachts, automobiles and diamonds.

Does the scholar in his search for knowledge climb ladders and work in stopes? Are shifts and cross-cuts familiar to him?

Stop and think! Are we not all miners, mining not for gold or silver, copper or nickel but striving to uncover the secrets of man stored deep in the annals of the past?

Our mine is the universe. Its ore reserves, vast and unlimited, will never be estimated. The ages but add riches to its wealth. Into the school, which is the shaft of our mine,

we go daily. Before starting work we must choose our course, that is, we must follow the drifts. Just as the miner follows the drift of the ore-vein until he comes to that part which is under development, so we, in the early years at school, follow the general course of study until we decide on which subjects we wish to concentrate our time and energy.

As in other mines, our mine is under the direction of a manager, and the various departments are skilfully guided by experienced overseers.

Our books are the machines. With them we bore into the solid rock of ignorance. Hard work and conscientious study are forced into the opening thus afforded and soon the rock is in pieces before us and from the broken fragments we separate the golden grains of truth.

A precious mineral this, for which we mine, of which neither man nor the ages can rob us. Available only to those who seek in earnest, it evades like a beam of light, the careless efforts of the indifferent student.

Come! Time rolls ceaselessly on! The future beckons! Soon we shall leave this mine of ours and seek our fortunes at the world's market-place. What shall we offer in exchange for success? Shall we stand at the front, confident, knowing that we are rich with the only treasure for which happiness is sold, or shall we linger on the outskirts of the crowd, and think sadly of the time we shirked the pick and shovel?

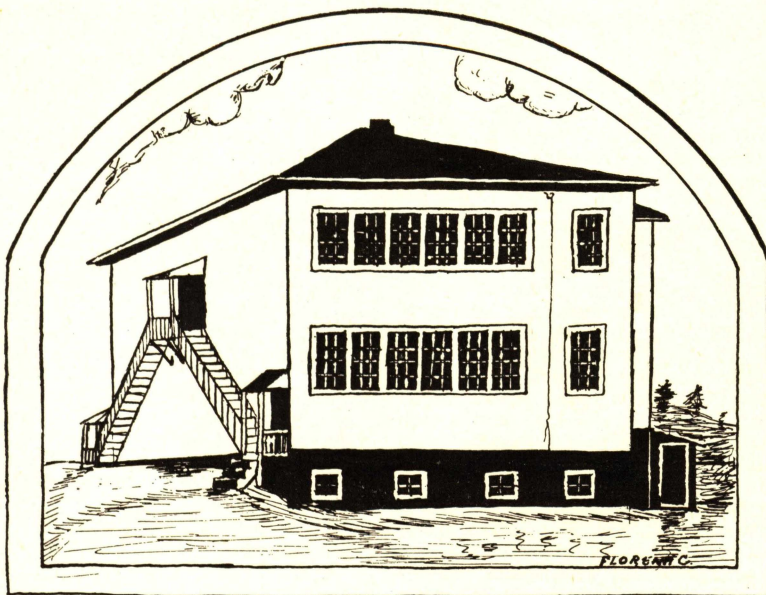
Think, miners for knowledge, the future depends upon the present! Are you mining pure gold or is low-grade ore satisfying you?



THE STAFF

Front Row (left to right), Mrs. W. Stinson, Mr. C. H. Danard (Principal), Miss W. Rutherford. Back Row, Mr. H. Muir, Miss N. Salsbury, Miss G. Raney, Miss M. Ball, Miss T. O'Reilly.

TO THOSE who have made this book possible by advertising on its pages, the student-body render a hearty vote of thanks, with the assurance of our grateful patronage.



Alumni

The graduates of Kirkland Lake High School are following various vocations. Those students mentioned have left either to study at another school or university, or to begin work.

Tomye Church and Pat Hayes are both in Toronto, the former studying medicine, the latter taking a course in aeronautics.

Rena Mitchell is working in a telegraph office and going to night school in Toronto.

Bessie McIntyre, who won a scholarship last year, is attending Queen's University but expects to enter Shaw's Business College this summer. Katherine McPhee, formerly of K.L.H.S., is at Queen's, also.

Mary Malone seems to be the only one to have chosen teaching as a profession. She is at North Bay Normal School.

Nursing appears to be the favourite choice. Grace Darling has decided to spend her next three years at Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital, North Bay. Emily Dickinson is in training at St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph. Nesta Sankey and Phyllis MacDonald are at St. Michael's, Toronto. Anne Frew chose Hamilton General Hospital.

Ambrose Hayes, better known as "Ambie," and his sister, Cecilia Hayes, are attending Shaw's Business College in Toronto.

Florence Schlievert is stenographer for the Teck Insurance Agencies.

Bob Clarke decided a change was as good

as a rest. He is continuing his education at Harbord Collegiate, Toronto.

Maurice Doyon, owing to his recent illness, will not complete the term. We hope to have him with us next year.

Jean Darling, from all accounts, is enjoying her term at Monteith Academy.

Elnora Murphy and Louise McVichie are attending the newly opened Business College.

Lloyd Newton, as far as we know, has not yet made any definite plans for the future.

Dorothy Thompson is the only one to have taken the holy vows of matrimony. We wish her happiness in the days to come.

Freddie Ash is selling socks and ties at a down-town haberdashers.

Ella Racicot is one of Toronto's many stenographers. Hazel Lundberg chose the same career, but Hazel is living in New York.

Several of the boys, George Gill, Aimo Wirto and John Lampi, are employed in town.

Elfreda Harris finished a business course at Cobalt and is at home.

Ted Grierson, a last year's Varsity freshman, is now helping produce gold at the Wright-Hargreaves. George Reid assists Ted. Bob Ash and Gordon Murphy are at the Teck-Hughes' mine.

The student body wishes them every success.

Former Pupils

Dear Editor,

I am rather at a loss to know what to say in answer to your request that I should give you some of my impressions of the life at Queen's. There is so little comparable in the environment between the University and the High School.

At High School there is always an outward urge to compel attention to work, and there is with the teacher the effort to bring the class as a whole to some preconceived standard in order that the necessary grants may be secured. This is wholly lacking at the University. There if one should be foolish enough to throw away a life-time's opportunity, it is entirely one's own affair. The professors are there to give the instruction to those who desire to profit thereby, and the only stipulation is that none shall so act as to hinder another's advancement.

The atmosphere at Queen's is the thing that matters. For some reason, it seems to be true that the average student at Queen's is not over-endowed with this world's goods. So there is not the example of extravagant ways which so often prove a pitfall at other universities; and the student is so commonly aware of the self-denial of those who sent him there that he is present primarily to work to justify his presence. But this does not mean that all is work; it means only that there is not the useless rush after excitement only too common in other places.

Queen's College colours we are flying once again,
Soiled as they are by the battle and the rain,
Yet another victory to wipe away the stain,
So Boys? Go in and win.

These are the words all we of Queen's use to urge on our teams to victory—not victory in score, but in sportsmanship. Nor do we use these words in sport alone; their spirit permeates our whole college life. Queen's ideal is a real sporting life; a fair and upright one in which we do our best for ourselves and so for those backing us, and, at the same time give a helping hand to our comrades who require it. Having a good time is a secondary affair—so secondary that it is incidental, and is therefore all the more enjoyable that it is spontaneous. The joy of life and good comradeship is in the air, and the rebuffs and hard knocks are but trifles to be laughed over rather than groused about. The chronic grumbler has a poor time for he is left severely alone. The student believes that a trouble shared is a trouble halved, and a pleasure shared is multiplied; so it has become a habit to laugh rather than cry, and the smile is ever ready with all. And what a difference this attitude makes to all. The life is a strenuous one

where arduous work has to be done over long hours, and nerves would often be over-stretched were it not for this spirit of comradeship so happily present, and for the determination all seem to have to laugh all troubles away.

So much for the spirit of Queen's. The university buildings are situated near the shores of Lake Ontario in a beautiful setting of lovely lawns and trees; and the buildings themselves are worthy their settings. There is something in the air which surrounds Queen's, makes one proud to have lived within its walls, and to owe such little learning as one may have to it. There is the urge there to better citizenship—to the doing of the job at hand just a little better than it has been done before.

Sincerely

BESSIE McINTYRE.

Dear Alumni:-

What a vista you recall to my mind! I see, first of all, my days in First Form, my struggles with the first principles of mathematics. Then come the succeeding years, my worries over homework and examinations. I remember our first attempts at forming a literary society and organizing athletics, while the present Fifth Formers were lying awake at night, thinking about their entrance examinations. We had our dull moments but our youth and hopes kept us on top, and we cannot look back and say that in all we would not like to live it over again. But the cycle goes on and regardless of our desires we must pursue our various work, subject to the hand which points, go on.

I can fully realize the multitude of thoughts the publication of this magazine has caused, or, should I say, the multitude of causes which have resulted in the magazine. I can see the hopes, aspirations, the frenzy and nervous tension in the hearts of the students. And there is no doubt in every mind this thought, "When it is finished I will take a deep breath and begin life all over again." The success of the magazine will depend not on the ponderousness of the sentences it contains, but on the sincerity with which they were written.

And what lies behind it all? It is a desire in the hearts of the students to manifest themselves. To do something that people may know they belong to the best High School in Northern Ontario. Not in the sense of its magnificence or yet in the statistical record of successes and failures, but in the face of good fellowship and associations of the student body. For the greatness of any institution lies in its deep humanity. In the years to come when the present pupils have gone their separate ways, the bonds they have formed in their high school days

will bind them together, unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless with the thought, "He is my friend." During the early school days characteristics are being developed and the reactions of the student due to environmental relations will, more or less, fashion his career. For although we know little of the psychology of the brain and nervous system, still, all observations seem to reveal the fact that thought is a highly differentiated form of irritability and consists of an orderly procession of memories. Thus experience is fundamental, in that one generalizes on the knowledge gained through experience. Perhaps Bailey thought so when he wrote,

"We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

Look back in your life to the very first thing you can remember. Is it a date or is it a picture of some childhood scene indicative of some event? Invariably it will be the latter. Years are only man-made symbols to mark events. Events are inevitable to every living thing. In any case life is a most wonderful series of phenomena and regardless of our creed we should strive to make our lives as great as possible, and this happens primarily on the store of knowledge we accumulate. Of course,

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

Notwithstanding the above, how much greater is the man who has acquired a liberal education and applies that education to every phase of his life, than he who must take everyone else's word for things in that he has not the knowledge to question. The physiological division of labour has made it impossible for a man to be a master of all

trades, and the world does not expect it. A man must specialize in one field and not bother his head about the neighbouring one if he wishes to succeed. He must not expect more from life than he puts into it. He may sit all day with great ideas in his head but unless he puts them into action they are of very little value. You may say that some men are born geni, but if you study their lives you will find invariably they are great workers.

There have been those who claim that predominant mental characteristics are inherited, but if the average student would rise to, "Those turrets where the eye sees the world as one vast plain and one boundless reach of sky," he must put little faith in chance but work and in working put his heart into it.

We all get "fed up" at times and feel like—I was going to say going out to work, but I am naturally lazy—"throwing up the sponge." But the fellow who "sticks" will generally come out on top. Nevertheless, different people desire different things, and it is well that it is so. We can never hope to learn all about everything anyway, for

"All experience is an arch where through
gleams that untravelled world,
Whose margin fades forever and forever as
we move."

And the inevitable cycle comes around again—Life, Youth, Age. We must go on selecting, rejecting, and living our lives as we find them. Yet what does it matter as long as we are healthy and happy and can scatter a little sunshine on the gloom, as we go our separate ways?

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Girls' Sports

Editor — I. Craig

Moving from one school to another rather ruined our school sports in regard to Field Day. However, ye students, despair not, we shall have our field sports this spring so comfort yourselves with that thought.

Our last Field Day, a year and a half ago, which took place on the old school "campus" was a decided success. Many girls entered the various events and one by one were eliminated so that by counting up the points attained by the leading athletes, the judges found that Irene Craig had taken the Senior Championship and Agnes Schlievert the Junior.

Judging by the girls who have just entered High School this year and the girls who have advanced since last Field Day, we can say positively that there is going to be keen competition in the coming meet.

Basketball is just more or less of a rumour to us, as the Commencement activities began almost at the same time as the baskets were put up.

Hockey this winter was rather a sad story but the girls are still enthusiastic and we hope for better success next year.

They went down the line and played the Englehart girls and were badly beaten, the score being 6-0. Of course, the fact that it was an experienced town team must be taken into consideration. The defeat could not have been through lack of trying, judging from the look of the girls when they return-

ed. Everyone had bruises—that could be expected. Two had frozen feet, another banged up eye, sore neck and so on. But no doubt the delightful party that was given in their honour served as part compensation for the assault and battery received.

The next game that our girls played was with the Haileybury team. But once more we tasted the bitters of defeat with a score of 2-0 for Haileybury. Unfortunately, due to a misunderstanding about the date of the game, we were unable to entertain the visiting team with a party.

But were we downhearted about the whitewashing? No! The very next game we played was against Haileybury and although we were again beaten by a rather questionable goal we felt that it was the best playing we had done all winter. Everyone did her best, and what more could be done? Haileybury heaped coals of fire on our heads by entertaining us with a most enjoyable party and showed us that all of them were great sports.

Englehart, our formidable enemy, loomed up now, threatening sure disaster, but not one of our players shirked the idea of playing the return game. So on a Saturday night before a good-sized crowd and on splendid ice, considering the warm weather, we faced our opponents.

It was easily seen in the first two periods that the Englehart girls were our superiors.



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row (left to right), Alma Maher, Barbara Sankey, Miss T. O'Reilly, Coach; Janet MacDonnell, Jean Doyon. Second Row, Irene Craig, Beatrice Speck, Eleanor Tuck, Emma McChesney, Thelma Craig. Back Row, Edna Davis, Agnes Schleivert.

but we comfort ourselves with the knowledge that we "held" them down in the third period. N goals were scored this period and our forward line did excellent work, and believe it or not, they very likely would have scored if the final gong had not stopped the game, giving Englehart a victory of 4-0.

That was the end of the big games but our school league still struggles on. It is hard to say who will win so we'll leave the announcement until later on.

Thus with the hockey season drawing to a close the sports column is also finished. The

boys will probably pass over our defeats with a word but we can console ourselves with the knowledge that there is always a tomorrow.

Our school hockey team had the following line-up.

Goal—Jean Doyon.

Right Defense—Thelma Craig.

Left Defence—Agnes Schleivert.

Centre—Alma Maher.

Wings—Janet MacDonnell and Irene Craig

Alternatives—Eleanor Tuck, Edna Davis, Beatrice Speck, Barbara Sankey.

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BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row (left to right), L. Briden, C. Craig, H. Muir, Coach; J. McKeown, G. Dickinson. Second Row, W. Zaluski, M. Daoust, T. Sampson, M. Doyon, N. Kaplan, R. Howard.

Boys' Sports

Editor — Andrew Black

The sports this year have been very few. Moving from one building to another has rather upset our plans. Commencement activities have prevented us from getting started with basket and volley ball.

When it became cold enough for ice, a senior and juvenile league was formed and through Mr. Muir's splendid coaching we were able to turn out two good teams.

The Juveniles were to enter the ring in the honour of K. L. H. S. when they met the Cochrane Juveniles. Both teams showed real hockey. Our boys slightly outweighed them but both goal-tenders had all they could do to keep the puck on the right side of the net. The result was 3-1 but it was a tussle. Due to the Cochrane boys' engagement that night with Englehart, they were unable to stop over.

The game played at Cochrane was anybody's game the whole way through. The ice was rough which gave Cochrane their only goal when the puck hit a lump in front of the goal and bounced in. Nevertheless the maroon-and-white Gold Diggers brought

home the bacon and the Juvenile Championship to the tune of 2-1. The N. O. H. A. presented the "kids" with crests for winning the championship.

Now it was up to the Senior team to carry on the good work since the girls—oh, well, you'll hear about that.

The game at Timmins was real hockey. Although we were outweighed we had the advantage of speed. Both goalies played a marvellous game, stopping shots from all angles. Owing to both teams having the same colours some beautiful plays were spoiled, but the score ended 3-1 in favour of K. L. H. S.

After the game we were royally entertained by a reception held at the school auditorium.

As the hockey season was drawing to a close the return game was rather an impromptu affair. Down came the Timmins boys, bringing a somewhat different team—just how different we were to find out. Luck was with us; the ice was fairly good and the hockey fast. Boy, it was a game! Ask any

of the fans. We had a splendid crowd and both teams were at their best. At the end of the second period Timmins was leading 3-1. This did not alter the playing—both teams were at it, hammer and tongs. Mr. Muir transferred Sampson to the regular forward line and for nearly twenty minutes kept the T. H. S. behind their own blue line. Robertson was playing like a veteran, stopping them on an average of about one per second. In one of the scrimmages Kaplan pushed in the puck and later Sampson scored the tying goal. Ten minutes overtime was played but the score remained 3-3—a wonderful game.

After the battle a dance was held in the school auditorium in honour of the Timmins gladiators, who proved themselves fine sports and know we would like some return games next year.

One of the Timmins gang was heard to remark, "We may not be able to beat you at hockey, but at basketball"

We hope to produce a team to compete with them and with Mr. Muir's able coaching I think we will.

Juvenile Team

Goal—Dickenson.
 Defense—Briden and McPhail.
 Centre—Grabuski.
 Wings—Zaluski and Doust.
 Alternates—Liddle, Sanderson, Hallett.

Senior Team

Goal—M. Doyon.
 Defence—Briden and Kaplan.
 Centre—Sampson.
 Wings—McKeown and Zaluski.
 Alternates—Conlon, Howard, Craig, Doust.



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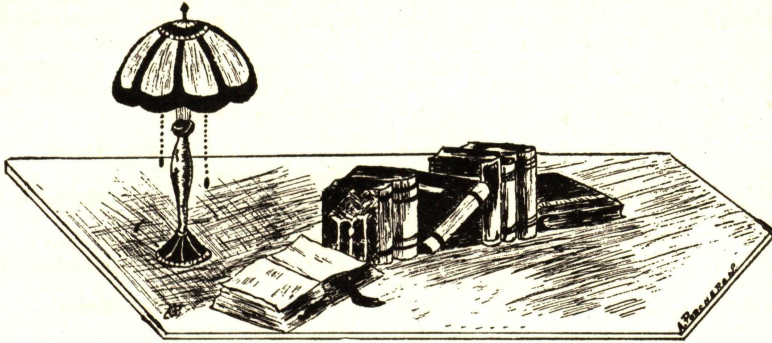
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Be Men and Women

(Editorial)

We, who now attend this Kirkland Lake High School—will, in the near future, find ourselves confronted by a serious question, that of choosing our life occupation.

A great deal of consideration may be given to such a problem now. In fact consideration is essential—to rush blindly into something that for the moment beckons with the glamour of far away fields, can mean only one thing—failure.

Now this does not by any means imply that our tastes are to be disregarded and our choice confined to those branches of employment which we find dull and uninteresting. On the contrary an intense interest in congenial work can alone spell success.

Apart from our own natural judgment and ability there is outside influence. Unfortunately this frequently plays too great a part. However, there is some that may prove of real value to us, particularly that which comes from our parents. They above all others can see that for which we are best fitted. If we have a wrong impression they

can, in most cases, steer us into the right channel.

Many of us, no doubt, dislike the thought of starting at the bottom of the ladder and working up. We desire to begin in the position of employer instead of employee. We forget that years of experience enables the manager to hold that position, and that, although we stand on the threshold of life, diploma in hand, we have yet learned how to apply that knowledge which is ours.

Tackling a job in good humour and with the will to work is essential. Going at it half-heartedly means certain failures.

Buoyant enthusiasm for our work, developed during school life, will find an outlet in good humour and industry. The world is but a school and in it, as in our High School, a sporting spirit must be brought into play.

In concluding, we can say that good fortune is earned by humorous and industrious men and women who have found their place in life.

J. GRIDDALE.

Pioneers

Indian summer in the woods of Northern Ontario; a hundred and twenty miles from civilization; a log cabin set in a tiny clearing, its back door opening into the depths of the forest, its front door a hundred yards from the rock shore of a lake. The only sound breaking the stillness of late afternoon was the continuous ring of sharp steel striking deep into the fibres of tough pine wood.

Beside the cabin a pile of wood was steadily growing as the axe rose and fell in the strong, work-hardened arms of a woman.

With a hasty glance at the sun she dropped the axe, straightened her bent shoulders and picked up an armful of the freshly cut wood. The screen door slammed behind her. Six o'clock. Soon her husband would be home,

tired from his long day in the bush which had begun at six o'clock that morning. Supper must be ready when he came and all the chores done. Margaret Campbell worked no less hard than her prospector husband. Her day, too, had begun at six that morning when she rose to prepare his breakfast and it would continue until night-fall, for apart from her household duties she cut the wood, carried water and tended to her garden plot which added the only variety to their meals of fish and game. In winter she made their heavy, crude clothing and helped her husband trap.

What did these people get out of life, living much the same as the Indians had done hundreds of years before them; living with

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always that faint hope of finding gold, as others had done but as so many had failed? The only luxury that their lives afforded, the only link that held them to that almost forgotten civilization, the only thing to relieve the monotony of the long winter evenings was a radio which had been brought from Black Rapids, the nearest town, one hundred and twenty miles away, on one of the hard winter trips by dog team.

The sun disappeared behind the tree-tops and Margaret Campbell came outside again. With her hand shading her eyes she watched a canoe with a single occupant swiftly coming across the lake. James Campbell was a tall, strong Scotsman. He loved this life in the silent north and if Margaret ever felt any longing for the life they had once known she never mentioned it.

With long, silent strokes of the paddle the canoe glided toward a strip of sand a hundred yards or so from where she stood. Before it touched the sand he jumped ashore and, with a shout of greeting, picked up his heavy pack and came running along the rocky shore to her. Suddenly, without

warning, a loose stone rolled under his foot and he fell heavily, with his left leg doubled under him.

With a cold fear clutching at her heart Margaret Campbell watched her husband rise, then fall back again to the ground. As she reached his side he again attempted to move but a spasm of pain crossed his rugged features and he sank back, fainting.

To the frantic woman it seemed that hours had passed before she half-carried him over the door-step and put him to bed where he finally lost consciousness. She was helpless. There was nothing she could do and their nearest neighbour lived eight miles away by a bush trail.

All evening she watched his rising fever and listened to his incoherent babblings. Shortly after ten o'clock she put a fresh, damp cloth on his head, left a glass of water by his bed, turned down the lamp and went out into the night.

The breeze had fallen; the night air was hot, heavy, sultry; pale flashes of lightning lit up the sky over the lake. Margaret Campbell was familiar with the sudden

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changes of northern weather; she knew that before morning the wind would rise into a hurricane and torrents of rain would fall. Insects buzzed about her head as she pushed her way through the thick underbrush, logs crossed her path, rocks jutted out before her, bushes tore at her dress, her hands, her hair—everything seemed to hinder her progress and the storm was gathering.

John McIntyre was awakened by the sound of someone stumbling against his door. He sat up and listened, there was a sharp knocking, accompanied by the sound of a woman's voice.

"John, John! Are you there?"

He got up quickly, lit the lamp and opened the door. He stood back aghast at the sight of Margaret Campbell standing there, her dress torn, her hands and face bleeding, her tumbled hair caught with twigs and leaves.

John McIntyre had been a British submarine wireless operator during the Great War. After its close, ill-health had forced him to leave his city business office and live in the northern climate. Here he had built a broadcasting set similar to the one he had known for those four years and he had spent much time improving on this hobby. When he had heard his neighbour's broken story his face lost its defeated, wasted look; once more he became the alert, war-time lieutenant as he ticked off the message for help.

In a little village in Southern Ontario a freight train drew in at the station. It was the last train during the night and as soon as it had left the operator who had been on duty, closed the building and walked home through the deserted streets. There, he turned on the radio and sat down to read. After a time the program of a Chicago dance orchestra concluded and the announcer, after giving the station call letters, signed off. The man, deep in his book, did not notice the sudden silence. Soon, however, he glanced at his watch and put his book down. He stood up to turn off the radio and then became aware of a strange ticking coming over the air which he now realized had been going on for some minutes. It was the unmistakable dot-dash of a familiar code. He listened for a moment then picked up a pencil and copied down the message which was repeated several times.

"Help! James Campbell hurt at Bear Lake. Send Dr. Woods of Black Rapids, Ontario, at once."

The operator again put on his hat and coat and hurried back through the deserted streets of the village to the station to send a telegram.

Margaret Campbell, accompanied by John McIntyre, arrived back at the cabin shortly before four in the morning. A strong wind had whipped up over the lake and the waves furiously dashed against the rock shore. But the two watching over the sick man knew that the worst of the storm was yet to come.

Every few minutes one or the other of the two went to the door and strained their eyes in the direction of Black Rapids. Help must come before it was too late.

It was just dawn when Margaret, sitting silently beside her husband, raised her head. "Had she heard a faint humming?" But John McIntyre still sat with his head resting on his hand. With a sigh she placed her cool hand on the fevered head on the pillow. But again she heard the sound, only louder, nearer. They had both heard it this time. Then she had not been mistaken. Running outside they could discern a tiny black speck against the greyness of the sky.

The plane settled in the lake and John McIntyre rowed out in the boat to bring the doctor and pilot ashore. The woman, waiting, watched the frail craft tossed from wave to wave on the churning waters. Twice it disappeared completely from her sight behind the huge billows, only to appear again on the next wave while she cried out in fear. The strong man at the oars worked desperately to keep the boat at an angle with the waves and before it reached shore he jumped into waist-high water to steady it to the beach.

As if in response to a signal the rain immediately began to fall in blinding sheets. The three men ran to the cabin but in the doorway John paused and turned to look for Margaret.

She stood on a rock, seemingly unmindful of the rain which lashed her, with her face lifted to the skies from whence it fell.

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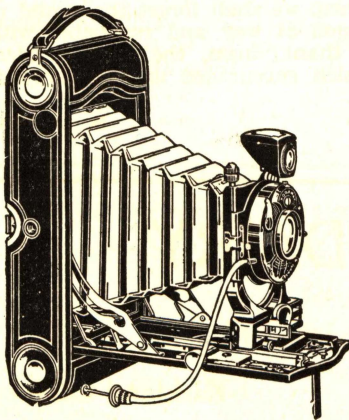
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An Antique Shop

An antique shop! What intriguing hidden mysteries it does reveal. One wanders aimlessly around glancing hither and thither at the old and time-worn articles it contains.

Here one sees a beautiful mirror that may at one time have looked down upon scenes of splendour; and there, a locket containing the hair of some beloved one, long since dead; and a grandfather's clock which, standing majestically in the corner, still ticks away the fleeting minutes.

One cannot help but pause to inhale the sweet perfume of the pot-pourre jar whose fragrance still lingers.

We now come to a worm-eaten love-seat—the antique shop disappears and we see two lovers making their vows in some old-fashioned bower. One can almost smell the

lavender and hear the rustle of the silken gown.

Our fingers wander lovingly over a feather fan, behind which coy eyes have sparkled.

Suddenly our glance is arrested by a state-ly secretaire in whose secret drawer the love letters of a princess are supposed to be hidden.

The proprietor approaches us in his skull cap and carpet slippers, rubbing together two bony hands, and peers at us over the top of his gold-rimmed glasses which are perched perilously on the end of his nose. At the sight of him our romantic visions disappear and we hurry forward into the street to join the busy throng, leaving behind the antique shop and its host of memories.

KATE FREW.

The Rain Pools

There's nothing quite so wonderful

As rain pools in the spring,
They shine along the muddy road
Reflecting everything!

Or in the garden secreties,
In shelters dim and cool—
The rhapsody of every bud
Is mirrored in the pool!

There's nothing quite so wonderful
As through the streets I go
To see the clouds and top-most boughs
In beauty caught below!

This little poem caught my eye the other day and quite captured my fancy. It was the title that first attracted my attention. There seemed so little in a rain pool about which to write a poem. After reading it, I fell to wondering if there were any rain pools in life.

I found that there are many such pools along the muddy road of life, pools that mirror the clouds and top-most boughs even as the rain pool.

Friendship is the largest and clearest of these pools. Every real friendship in life shows us glimpses of the heights above. We thrill at the love and trust of our friend. Thrill, because in it is mirrored the image of the Cross.

Home, with its warmth and tenderness, its smiles and tears, shines brightly along life's highway. The promise which we see in the pool sends us forward strengthened and full of hope. The satisfaction of work well done, the flood of warmth at a word of praise are each fair promises of our reward—the journey o'er.

Life would be very dark and gloomy indeed were it not for these pools. They tell us to look up, to press on, to forget the mud at our feet and seek the golden hours which beckon at the end of the road.

When years have passed and the heights are reached, we shall forget the sordid rush and turmoil of way and remember with a glow of thankfulness, the shining friendly pools which encouraged us ever onward to our goal.

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A Bend In The River

Caught in a silver net of clouds the moon sails lazily above the silent forest. Drowsily the soft night breeze rustles among the sleeping leaves.

Now the midnight quietude is broken by a solitary figure coming slowly along the winding forest path. He is just one of the many who live daily among the children of the northern forests and he loves with all the depth of his manhood the still, sweet solitudes of Nature.

Mingled with the sighs of the pines, a low even note now becomes audible. To the stranger it seems as if a sudden storm has arisen far to the northwest and is slowly approaching. He walks on. It becomes a loud mysterious rumble. The trail turns abruptly. Now the sound becomes clear, joyous and free. The traveller unconsciously quickens his step. He is drawn on by an indefinite longing.

Without warning the trail emerges suddenly from the depths of the forest to a perfect panorama of sparkling dancing water. The traveller stops and stands silently worshipping this thing of beauty, as the river, in all its majestic splendour, sweeps around the bend. The rushing waters

foaming around the dark rocks and rising in tumbling waves over the shallows, glitter like diamonds in the magnificence of the moonlight.

In the distance, made visible by the moon, the massive snow-topped mountains guard the enchanted ground. On either bank the pines sway sleepily and now and then the far-away hoot of a night-bird mingles with the sound of the waters.

All this is barely perceptible to the traveller as he gazes in fearful admiration at the mass of leaping, tumbling water in its mad rush to the sea. Its beauty so complete, its power so boundless, its signifies the might and splendour of the Creator and makes our destinies seem frail and useless.

At length he raises himself from his reveries, realizing that he must go on. With a sigh he turns, and taking one last look at the falling waters, once more follows the trail into the silence of the midnight forest. Fainter and fainter grows the sound of the river until eventually, it dies away. The moon has gone to sleep behind the cloud, the tall trees nod across the trail and all is still.

B. GOWANS.

Compliments of
The Northern News

Loafing

Loafing—the very word lulls me. Love has been very inelegantly defined as “a tickling sensation around the heart, that you can’t scratch,” but loafing defies description, although I have a sneaking idea that it is simply the total absence of physical sensations.

Loafing is a form of drug with effects akin to those of opium. First, the body sags somewhat, then a numbness creeps on, accompanied by a quickening of the mind, and soon the material body slips away and we live with utmost reality in the dreamland of our imagination. While in this abstracted condition, we loafers see great visions, visit our “castles in Spain,” cruise the seven seas in our yachts and live romances such as the pen of the novelist never penned.

To derive the greatest pleasure from this drug one must follow set rules, just as in the use of opium. The first and most necessary condition for the use of the drug, is heat, preferably sunshine. After this comes a seemingly endless list of accessories—a cooling breeze blowing over the face, a low monotonous chant or buzzing, or even dreamy music—classical waltzes and lullabies. Some like a well-filled pipe and there are countless other aids fitted to the needs of each particular case.

Addicts to loafing fight endless battles. Our enemies are many. The greatest is cold which will even drive us to work, and after that is jazz or this so-called “red hot rhythm.” Then there are industrious and ambitious men who fight with but one blade—“it will get you nowhere.” They admit it harms neither body nor mind, prolongs life and keeps thousands from insane asylums and sanatoriums.

Lower life with four stages is said to have a complete metamorphosis, egg, larva, pupa and adult. Man and the higher life are said to have but one stage. This latter statement is literally untrue, for although there is really no physical difference, the corporal and mental workings of man change greatly with the seasons.

In the springtime we are in the larval stage and are very active, our enthusiasm carrying us to such extremes as gardening and housecleaning. Summer advances, the sun warms us and we crawl away to some leafy bower in lawn or forest. Here we loaf while the weeds grow and the dust collects. The advance of fall and winter makes no difference to the loafer.

Some loafers are born merely to loaf; others rise to the heights—in business, art or politics. An example of the latter type is Sir John A. MacDonald whose favourite expression was, “We will do it tomorrow.” This has become the slogan of the idlers who, despite this division have certain fixed characteristics—an unruffled disposition, a smooth brow, and an almost entire lack of nerves.

Loafers will, under no circumstances, become radical or anarchistic, so they form as counter balances, an important cog in the wheels of civilization. Be the pressure what it may, loafers will not be won to communism or other radical, social, religious or political views. Their idle dreaming has them living in aristocratic bourgeois or bohemian surroundings and as the good book says, “Where thy treasure is there shall thy heart be also.”

KEN DICKSON.

Such Things Happen

A sickening odor and stars—a multitude of tiny ones whirling round me, merging dizzily into one big one which came straight towards me. It seemed to wrap itself around my face in a smothering cloud and I began to sink.

The murky darkness hemming me in appeared to be a dense forest, but I did not want to worry about it. I felt heavy, half awake, and a sense of lethargy pervaded my being as I wearily dragged myself along in the stifling stillness. It began to unnerve—that stillness, so dark and all.

Clearly, through the foggiest of my dulled senses, the sound of a snapping twig came eerily. Cold sweat bathed my forehead, my clenched hands became clammy and the back of my neck stiffened with fear—fear too great even for me to turn my head.

An eternity of waiting! I had to turn! My heart gave one terrified throb and seemed to cease beating. A monster, huge and horribly leering, was coming toward me, towering above me in gigantic proportion.

Wild unleashed fear lay hold of me—I fled, crashing through underbrush, ploughing through streams, battling with hanging things, creeping things—everything hindering me, holding me back, placing me in the clutches of that ever-following, ever-gaining demon.

My crazed brain could stand no more and maniacal sobs racked me—hot, angry, humiliatingly, useless tears blinded me. My breath was burning my lungs, tearing my throat, bulging my eyes. How much longer—Oh, God!—how much longer could I keep ahead—ahead—

My foot caught, I plunged head-foremost to the ground. Despairingly I fought, kicked and shrieked as nauseating arms clutched me, strangled me. A hand—a distorted, loathsome hand, holding something burning, flaming, came nearer, blotting out my vision. I opened my mouth to scream. A searing torturing pain as the fire razed my gums. The agony—

A murmur—something strangely cool and restful clung to my nostrils, erasing my emotions and leaving a dreamy nothingness. I felt myself floating lightly down, down, drifting gently on the wings of rest—peaceful, blessed oblivion.

Ages later I had the queer sensation of having to open my eyes. I opened them slowly. Away above seemed the mouth of pit—stars glimmering, growing larger, merging into a moon—a moon which somehow drew closer, closer, and became a round smiling face.

I opened my eyes dreamily and gazed at a white-clad figure. I lifted my hand to my face; it felt swollen somehow.

"Well, you came through, all right, and I guess that tooth won't bother you anymore," said the dentist.

DOROTHY AXCELL.

Exiled

A man had killed one of his fellow-men. And the law—even in farthest Yukon Territory—demands that he shall pay with his life.

In the log cabin that was the police station, Superintendent Douglas McPherson, of "D" division of His Majesty's Royal Northwest Mounted Police, talked earnestly with his Sergeant, Hugh Clarke. For a brief instant the afternoon sunlight was blocked as the figure of a red-coated, spurred "Mountie" was silhouetted in the doorway. Then he walked forward, saluted, and stood at attention. The two older men rose and the sergeant left.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes, sit down, Harcourt."

The Superintendent indicated the chair in which Clarke had been sitting. Then with the directness that men admired in him, he leaned over the desk and the steel blue eyes of the Scotsman searched intently the gray ones of the younger man opposite him.

"I am sending you out to get Reid," he said in his slow, deliberate manner. "You know the particulars. I'll give you your final instructions to-night. You will leave in the morning."

At noon the next day Constable David Harcourt, who had been christened David Anthony Harcourt, the son of a British M.P. and the grandson of an earl, making his noon-day tea beside the river and watching the smoke curl lazily toward the sun, sang softly to himself and thanked God he was alive. He even laughed when his blackened kettle fell into the fire, spilling water on his sizzling bacon. He thought fondly of his family in England who wrote to him so regularly, of his home, the beautiful estate in the peaceful countryside of Oxfordshire, but he was glad he was Constable David Harcourt; glad that he was under the blue sky of Canada, alone in the silence of northern forests.

Late that afternoon, still following the river, although he had travelled thirty miles since morning, David stopped his horse and

picked a camp site for the night. No need to hurry. He would get his man. He knew where he would hide had he been the hunted man. Quite by accident the summer before he had stumbled on a small deserted cabin surrounded by hills and almost hidden by the dense bush. David felt certain that he would find Reid there.

Three days later David paused on a ridge and looked down over the tree-tops. Far below, although he could scarcely see it, was the hiding place of Reid. Before evening he would reach it. Reid would be indoors at supper and he would be able to arrive unseen. Cautiously he began to make his way down the rocky slope.

Then something happened that had never before occurred in all David's experience as a "Mountie." His horse stumbled and fell and he was thrown. His head struck against a jagged rock and an ugly gash of red appeared. But David did not attempt to rise from his sprawling position.

A tall, broad-shouldered, fair, curly-haired young man, dressed in heavy boots and breeches and a flannel shirt, carrying a gun over his shoulder and a couple of rabbits in his hand, came over the ridge. Suddenly he stopped and dropped silently behind the shelter of a large rock, all the time keeping his eyes on that saddled black horse so idly cropping the grass. What did it mean? It could only mean one thing. He was discovered. Was someone already waiting for him in his cabin or scouting about the hill? He sat there, gun in hand, till darkness began to fall, scarcely daring to move his cramped muscles. Then, growing impatient at the suspense, he crept forward, slowly, carefully, to another sheltering rock before him. Peering over its edge he could discern in the dimness something red. It didn't move. Was this a trap? He waited. Then, throwing caution to the winds he moved still nearer till he could see David's unconscious form.

David awoke the next morning in a strange, bare room. There was a throbbing

pain in his head. He put his hand up. It was bandaged. Someone was bending over him, forcing something cool between his lips. But he must be dreaming. Those blue, blue eyes above him that he knew so well; the eyes of his elder brother whom he had loved, whom he had given all the hero worship of a boy in his 'teens; who had been killed on the hunting-field five years before. He tried to move but his face twisted in pain. "My leg," he gasped.

Those eyes, Michael's eyes, and that strange voice saying, "Drink this, old man. You'll soon be all right."

On a beautiful morning in late summer David sat in the cabin doorway with his right leg propped up before him. Ever since that morning when his long, clever fingers had set the broken bone in his leg, David had liked Jerry Reid and during the weeks of suffering that had followed when he had fed him and cared for him, a strong friendship had grown between the two. Now David was beginning to care for this handsome, sun-tanned Canadian as he had for that lovable, popular, happy-go-lucky brother whom this stranger resembled so much, not only in appearance but in manner and impulsive, care-free spirit; and as he had done with Michael, David, quieter, soberer, felt older and more or less protective toward him. Watching him laughing at a chipmunk scolding from the branches above while another ate out of his hand, David

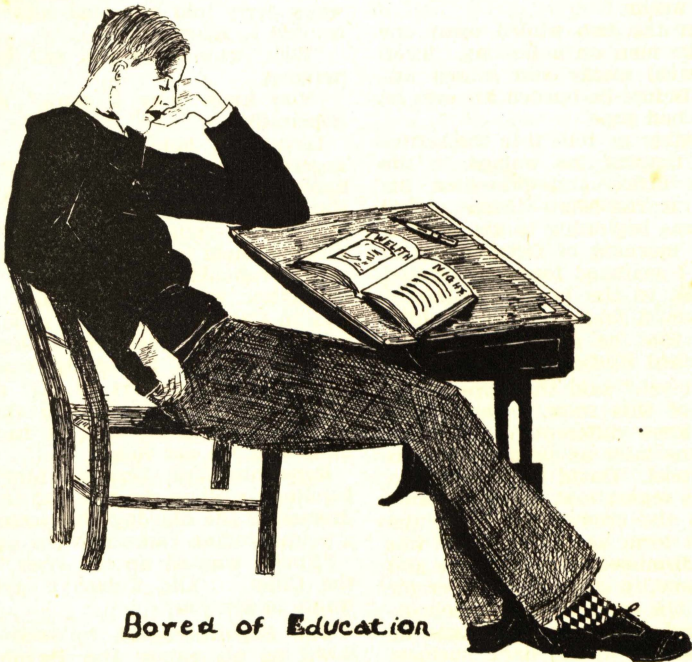
asked himself, "Why had he done it? Why? Why? Why?" The question repeated itself over and over in his mind but remained unspoken.

By afternoon the morning sunlight had disappeared behind heavy, black clouds and Jerry brought in quantities of dry wood. That evening, while the storm raged outside, they sat beside a warm fire and in the candlelight Jerry kept the other man in hearty laughter as he related stories of antics at college. He had studied medicine for three years at the University of Toronto, then after a summer spent in the north, with no near relatives to worry about him, he had broken all ties with the old life and never returned to it. Then David talked of his boyhood, of his schooldays and his home. He even brought out pictures of his father, his mother, his dead brother and his younger sister, Pat. They talked together far into the night but neither mentioned the future.

The next morning the sky was clear again but David was quieter than usual, more restrained. Jerry moved around uncomfortably for a time then impulsively laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "Don't worry, old man," he said, "I understand."

David shook the hand off roughly and unable to bear it any longer turned to him. "Oh, why did you do it?" he asked impatiently.

For fully a minute there was dead silence, all the light went out of Jerry's blue eyes,



Bored of Education

FLORENA

then he spoke slowly, quietly. "The man was a cur, a beast. He had killed a woman. Oh, I know that case was dismissed for lack of evidence. I wasn't here at the time but I was the only witness to that crime and he knew it. He planned to put me out of the way. He was going to shoot me in the back but I turned in time. We fought it out and—I killed him."

There was silence again, then David spoke. "Why did you bring me here, look after me?"

Jerry's eyes were incredulous. "But I couldn't leave you there to die."

David turned away.

"No," he said bitterly, "but I've got to take you back to - - -." The sentence was never finished.

After a few minutes something of the old light returned to Jerry's face. "You can hobble around well enough to look after yourself now," he said, "but it will be some time before you'll be able to ride or go far. In the meantime you may wake up one of these fine mornings and find me gone. I'm rather fond of life, you know. You'd have to go to work and find me all over again and it may not be so easy next time. If I can reach the Pacific I have friends who'll get me into the States or even Mexico."

David appeared not to have heard this last remark. "If you do get away," he mused, "I wish you'd look up my father. Tell him you are a friend of mine. You'll always be welcome there. But I'll get you," he added more alertly. "Don't the 'Mounties' always get their man?" But his heart was lighter than it had been for weeks.

From then on the two whiled away the autumn days like men on a holiday. Then one morning David awoke and sensed unusual stillness. Before he opened his eyes he knew that Jerry had gone.

Early in November he rode into the settlement and still limping, he walked to the Superintendent's office and presented his report. Briefly, it ran that—"After caring for me until I was beginning to get around, I awoke on the morning of October 3rd to find him gone. I searched for miles around but due, perhaps, to the heavy rainfall of that month, I could find no trace of him. It is my belief that he got in with some Indians and reached Hudson Bay."

"We'll get him yet," said the Superintendent, "in spite of this snow." David said nothing but he knew differently.

Eighteen months later an ocean liner was docking at Liverpool. David Harcourt stood on deck trying to separate at least one familiar figure from the crowd waiting on the dock below. His term as a "Mountie" was up, he had been dismissed from the force and was returning home, in spite of his lover for Canada, with all the excitement of a school-boy. As he walked down the gang-plank he saw Jerry. Although, in his dark business suit, dressed so differently from the way

David had known him, and with his face less tanned, he was easily distinguished by his tall form and broad shoulders. A moment later the two were clasp hands with all the fervour and shyness of brothers, before Jerry led him off to the car where his mother and sister waited.

For a time David felt out-of-place among his old associates but he soon became interested in managing his father's business. Jerry, too, was making a name for himself in a new sphere. The two saw a great deal of each other during the week in London and every week-end when David motored home his friend went with him. David's home was fast becoming Jerry's home also. The boys, with Pat, rode over the quiet country roads, danced, golfed and played tennis with other young people; and the happy summer days sped by on wings.

When the leaves began to turn golden and the hunting season started, Jerry went home with David much less often. There always seemed to be a reason which compelled him to remain in town during the week-end. When he did come David noticed that Pat invented one excuse after another for not accompanying them, and when they were all together Pat and Jerry avoided each other and were very polite and distant in their speech.

David was puzzled at this attitude and one evening in London, when he and Jerry were alone, he mentioned it. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Have you two quarrelled?"

David was astounded but visibly pleased when Jerry told him that he loved Pat, and wanted to marry her.

"Well, why don't you tell her?" he demanded.

"You know why I can't," Jerry replied hopelessly.

David did not know why. In vain he argued and stormed that Pat need never know and if she did she would understand. But Jerry could not see it in David's way and David refused to see it in his way. Finally David left, with a last bitter remark about "ridiculous pride."

Another year passed. Once more David was in Canada, combining a holiday with a business trip. Memories of his days as a Constable made David fly from Winnipeg into the headquarters of "D" division. So little had the place altered that it might have been yesterday that he had been commissioned "to get Reid."

Superintendent Douglas McPherson was genuinely glad to see him and they had been discussing the old days for some time when a young Indian came into the office.

"You're wanted up the river," he said to the Chief. "Old Tobico is dying and he wants to see you."

The Superintendent followed the Indian down to his canoe and David went with them. How well he remembered Tobico, the

old Indian who had been his guide on many a hunting and fishing expedition. He was the father of the girl whom Jerry had told him Baptiste had killed so long ago.

McPherson entered the shack and sat down beside the old guide. For a few seconds he listened to his broken sentences, then he became alert and taking out a notebook, rapidly copied down what the Indian was saying. Then he called David to him. "Get what he's saying," he ordered.

David bent down to catch the faltered words. "I killed Batiste—not Reid. He was alive when I found him—I killed him."

David could scarcely contain his joy. Jerry's name was cleared. He was free. He cut his holiday short and hurried back to Montreal to catch the next boat home. Would he cable Jerry or wait to tell him? He decided to wait. He would not be able to make him realize by cable.

On his way back to the hotel after booking his passage, he paused in front of a jeweler's window. A beautiful sapphire bracelet caught his eye. Pat's favorite jewel. It would make a wonderful wedding present! He bought it.

MARY GINN.

Gold Mining

There are two distinct stages to the work of mining gold. First, the mining of the ore, then the crushing and treatment in the mill to extract the gold.

The shaft is a deep hole in the rock, lined with timber. It has several different compartments, one or more for cages or skips, one for air and water pipes and electric power cables and another, a ladder compartment for the men to use in case of emergency. On the surface is the headframe of the shaft, a towering structure of steel or timber. On it are mounted the sheave wheels over which pass the hoisting cables. The secondary dishers and some ore bins are also located in the head-frame.

Underground, every hundred feet or more, there are stations cut into the rock. From these stations numerous horizontal openings run off to the ore bodies. Each station, with its system of drifts and crosscuts, is called a level. A drift is a tunnel in the rock following the vein. Across it is a tunnel running approximately at right angles to the vein. A stope is a place where the ore is being mined out between two levels above a drift. At the bottom of the stope there are chutes through which the ore is dumped into cars. These cars are hauled out to the shaft, either by men or electric locomotives. A raise is a shaft between two levels which has been driven up from the lower level to the higher. A winze is a shaft which has been sunk underground. It has no opening on the surface and is connected with the main shaft by drifts or crosscuts.

When the primary crushings come underground, the ore is hoisted to the surface in skips and dumped into a bin feeding the secondary crushers. A conveyor belt takes the partly broken ore to the mill where it is further crushed and rolled until the pieces of rock are all about one-half inch in diameter. Lime is added to the ore when it passes through the rolls.

The chemicals used to dissolve the gold

are a mixture of potassium and sodium cyanides in very weak solution. This solution is first added to the ore in the ball mill which is a rotation cylinder about eight feet in diameter and the same in length. It is filled with large steel balls about five inches in diameter. As the mill rotates these balls grind the ore to a fine sand. The solution carries this sand to the classifiers which separates the ore which is fine enough and pass it on to the elevators. That part which is not fine enough goes through the tube mills which are rotation cylinders about fifteen feet long and six feet in diameter, filled with small steel balls. These pulverize the ore to a fine powder which is carried on by the solution in the form of a thin mud to the elevators which pump it up into the agitators. These are large tanks about thirty feet deep. From the agitators the mixture of ore and cyanide solution goes to the thickener which is a huge tank twenty or thirty feet deep and anywhere from fifty to a hundred feet across, according to the size of the mill. Here the ore sinks to the bottom and most of the solution passes off at the top and goes direct to the clarifier. The thick mud from the bottom of the thickener goes to the filters where the remaining solution is separated and passed to the clarifier. The ore from which all the gold has now been extracted is washed away by a stream of water.

The solution which contains all the gold passes from the clarifier to the zinc feeder and from there to the presses where the gold is precipitated by the zinc. The solution is then pumped to a storage tank to be used over again.

The gold is taken from the presses and melted down with a flux in the refinery. This separates all the impurities except the silver. The gold is then cast into bars weighing about forty-five pounds each for shipment to the mint.

R. HURD.

Fear

"Cowardy, cowardy, custard . . ."

Hot tears filled Pat's eyes as she trudged home pulling her small toboggan behind her. Seven years old, she was beginning to reap the fruit of that fear that had held her as long as she could remember.

Fear of the unknown was a very real thing to Pat. She did not try to analyze her feelings. She only knew that she could not go down the unlighted maple-shaded avenue at night, that she could not climb the tall trees that grew in Sue's yard and that she could not go down the toboggan slide. She had tried so hard but it was no good. When she looked down that steep stretch of ice and snow her imagination ran riot and she knew that she could not do it.

Her parents could not understand it. Her brothers, two and four years older than she, were regular young dare-devils, ready for anything which might prove an adventure. How Pat envied them no one knew or even guessed. People did not worry much about her. Her friends, with the cruelty of children, called her names, and their parents when they thought about her at all, "guessed she'd get over it."

But Pat did not get over it. At seventeen the fear of the unknown still possessed her. Ski-jumps and the dark depths of the lake held all the terrors of the unlighted avenue of her childhood. Sue, her chum, who as a red-headed little rough-neck had beaten all the boys in the neighbourhood at climbing trees, now with the same shock of red hair led them in pursuit of higher ski-jumps and beat them in the two mile stretch to the island with the very crawl they had taught her.

No. Sue had no fear, and try as she might she could not understand Pat's terror of swimming beyond her depth.

"It isn't as if you can't swim," she would argue. "Why Tuesday when we swam down to Simpson's you weren't even winded and that's over two miles. What's the difference between swimming along in six feet of water and out in twenty feet?"

"Oh, there is so much difference to me, Sue," Pat had answered. "Why, when I was swimming parallel with the shore if anything had happened I could have touched bottom with two strokes."

"But what would happen?"

"Oh, I don't know. But swimming out, out, with all that dark, cold water between you and land! Oh, I can't, Sue, I can't!"

So Sue had swum off toward the island and Pat was left by herself to look at her pal with longing, but at the water which separated them, with fear.

Every summer since the girls could remember the two families had spent the summer months at Lake Couchiching. There

were several summer homes on the shores of this lake and for enjoyment the owners had joined together and built a small clubhouse and two tennis courts. During the day it was tennis, boating or swimming and in the evening, dancing at the gaily lit clubhouse.

The year the girls were eighteen most of the old crowd went away from home to study. They were all scattered about the various cities so that it was with keen anticipation that Pat and Sue, who had gone to the same university, looked forward to the summer months with their happy reunion.

They were not disappointed. Everybody was back—the boys from Varsity, Jack, Pat's eldest brother, Bob Yorke, Tom Chelston and Don Paterson; Ted from Montreal where he was taking a course in aviation, and Marjorie and Douglas Sterling, who were attending Queen's, and, of course, the Carlyle twins, Anne and Joan. They had to come, one could not imagine a summer without them. As alike as two pins, these girls with their curly black hair and laughing blue eyes were always the life of any gathering.

"What dears they all were! How good it was to be together again," Pat thought drowsily, as she wandered into a pleasant dreamland to the sighing of the pines.

The weeks flew by on magic wings, as they swam, canoed, played tennis and danced. It was a glorious summer. Dry golden week ends when the sun rose high into the azure blue and carloads of rollicking boys and girls motored up from the city to spend two well-filled days with their friends.

Pat was radiant and there was only one thing which kept her from being perfectly happy. She was still afraid! Afraid to follow the rest into those deep unknown waters. She could swim. It was one thing that her father had demanded when as a child she had shrunk from the cold waters which rolled over her feet. So her brothers had taught her how to swim, but they had never persuaded her that it was no harder to swim in deep water than in shallow water. Consequently, every day as they swam out to the island Pat was left behind. Coax and cajole as they might, they could not persuade her to leave the shore. They were all splendid swimmers and there was absolutely no need of fear if some of them swam near her. Pat realized this, but as great as her confidence in her friends was, her fear of the water was greater. In spite of this handicap Pat had a marvellous time. She was a beautiful dancer and played a better game of tennis than any of the girls, having a service of which even the lofty males stood in awe.

The days became weeks and the weeks became months and soon it was the last week of their holidays. On Monday the sun rose over the purple hills, a red ball of fire. The

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grass and leaves, which had felt no rain for over a month, became crisp under its fiery glare. It was the hottest day of the summer. For the first time Pat wished it would rain. In the afternoon Sue and Bob came over but tennis was out of the question and swimming in such heat was dangerous. So they lolled about the verandah under the protection of the awnings, drank lemonade which Mrs. Jefferson, Pat's mother, had so thoughtfully provided, and waited for the cool of the evening.

Toward six o'clock it became cooler, but the slight breeze which the day had known, died down and a calm settled over the forest and lake. They decided to go in swimming and the boys went off to tell the twins and Marjorie and Doug of their intentions.

As it was quite a distance to the other houses, and would take them five or ten minutes. Pat and Sue, who had donned their bathing suits in a jiffy, decided to go for a canoe ride. Just as Pat was about to step into the canoe she glanced at the sky. Far to the north-east dark clouds were gathering. She looked at the lake; it was calm, but how dark and foreboding!

"I think there is going to be a storm," she said to Sue, "I don't think we'd better go."

"Oh, come on. The storm isn't due here until morning," Sue replied. "Come just around the bend and back, then the others will be here."

Pat hung back. Seeing that her persuasions were of no avail, Sue, with a cheery, "I'll just go for a little spin and be back in a minute," pushed off from shore and headed toward the end of the lake.

"I think I'll go across the bay and get Anne and Joan, it will save them walking," she cried, as she turned the canoe and headed for the opposite shore.

Pat watched her with an uneasy feeling of approaching danger. Would fear never leave her, she wondered, as she waded out into the cold water.

Jefferson's cottage was situated on the south shore of a bay at the end of a lake. Carlyle's lived directly across from them, a distance of nearly a mile by canoe.

With such suddenness did the storm break that Sue was only half way across this narrow stretch when the first flash of lightning streaked across the now darkened sky. The calm was over. The wind with wild fury lashed the water into mountainous waves. The lake that had glistened like diamonds in the sun was now a seething mass of black water furiously destructive as it thundered on the sandy shore.

Pat stood on the shore, terror-stricken, as she watched Sue, taken unawares, battle to keep the canoe at an angle with the on-coming waves. She saw the frail craft with its precious burden carried farther and farther from its course. She looked in vain, but they, thinking she and Sue safe would take shelter. A terrible thought formed in

her mind—the rocks. Sue was drifting towards the rocks. At the same instant the canoe capsized! Pat stood frozen. A flash of lightning lit the night, revealing towering waves, the shining bottom of the overturned canoe, the paddles—and that was all.

With a cry Pat rushed into the water. Out, out into its billowing depths she swam. She was too late, she knew it. Over and over she said this as she cut the water with an even stroke which brought her closer and closer to Sue. Why hadn't she come before, anyone could see that Sue would never make it. Oh! would she ever get there?

A hundred yards or so from the canoe she thought she heard a faint sound. Perhaps it was only the wind. Closer, now there it was again, and it wasn't the wind. It was Sue's voice. She was alive, she was calling her. She answered, but her voice, hoarse and broken, was carried away by the wind. She had reached the canoe and peered in vain for that familiar redhead. Panic-stricken she shouted Sue's name again and again. Seconds seemed centuries. How dark it was! A streak of lightning broke the blackness. There a few feet from her lay Sue, blood streaming down one side of her ashen face. More than half unconscious she was striving with instinct born by years of experience to keep afloat. In an instant Pat was at her side, supporting her, babbling incoherent utterances into her unhearing ears. But the danger was not all over. Grasping the canoe with one arm while she supported her friend with the other, Pat realized that they were being carried steadily nearer the rocks.

What would she do? There was no chance of help coming. Thinking them safe at her home no one would worry about them. Pat thought rapidly and arrived at one conclusion—she must swim to shore. To the west of her lay the rocks, even now she could hear the dash, dash, of the waves as they beat against them. To the east two miles away, was the island, while less than half a mile ahead of her was the shore.

Kicking herself free from the fated canoe she set out. With only one arm free, her progress was slow. The waves beat against her face. She choked over the water which entered her nose and mouth when at times a wave completely submerged her. Up she came, gasping, and the struggle went on. Her arms ached, her lungs burned and her breathing came in short spasmodic gasps. Finally she was forced to rest. Turning on her back and placing Sue so that her head was well out of the water, Pat let herself drift, knowing full well she was being carried nearer and nearer the west shore. Rested, she roused herself, turned on her side and went on. Surely she must be near the shore for she had been swimming all night it seemed. Now she was tired again, but she must not stop, must not drift, for drifting meant being dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Suddenly a flash of lightning revealed the shore only a hundred yards or so away. With a sob of thankfulness she increased her speed. Her free arm and her legs ached as if she had been beaten and the arm with which she held Sue was stiff and numb. If she could only take a deep breath and stop the rasping sobs which tortured her lungs.

Closer yet closer, out of the darkness the tossing trees now became visible. A few yards more and she would be able to touch bottom. She prayed for strength to carry Sue to aid. Without warning a light flashed across the shore, across the water. She heard voices, Jack's above the rest. She would not have to carry Sue after all. If she could only reach the shore. She was so tired. The fury of the night seemed to be dropping away. She struggled on, she must get Sue safely on shore. Strong arms were about her, someone was telling her that

everything was all right, to lie still. With a weary sigh she slipped into a peaceful oblivion.

A short time later wrapt in blankets she regained consciousness to find Mrs. Carlyle trying to force something hot between her cold lips. Around her, regarding her with anxious eyes, were her brothers, the twins and Bob.

Having convinced her that Sue was all right except for a small cut where the paddle had struck her, and being assured that Sue herself was very little the worse for her experience, Bob asked her if she wasn't afraid.

"Afraid? Only afraid that I wouldn't reach Sue in time," she answered as she closed her eyes.

Never again would Pat be afraid for in their most savage mood she had fought the elements and won.

B. GOWANS.

A Familiar Scene

The view from the classroom window can well be called a familiar scene. Day after day I see it. It is mostly a strip of waste land, covered with stumps and rocks, with here and there a tree or house.

But it is not so dull as it sounds. A little imagination may make a great difference. Those black stumps dotting the snow—they were tall trees once. What happened to them? Some of them may have been burned down, others provided timber for the mines; some of them were used for firewood and still others may have made the lumber for the half dozen tar paper shacks in the foreground.

The shacks are small and weather-beaten, but they mean home to someone. Perhaps they looked better once. The one directly opposite the window is new. It stands apart from the rest as if too proud to associate with such dilapidated neighbors.

There is a creek in the foreground. How deep is it? Do fish swim in its waters? If

so, what kind? Are they large or small? Are they easily caught? Are there rabbits along its bank? Perhaps there is a mink which hunts the rabbits and catches. And so one might wonder all day.

That power line on top of the hill, and the second one off to the left—where do they go? What is their power used for? What is their voltage? These questions and a hundred others run through my mind as I sit at my desk and gaze out the window.

What is behind that clump of trees at the left? Why did they survive in the midst of desolation? And what is there on the other side of the dim hills in the distance?

So I dream every day looking out the classroom window over the hills to the south, over the stumps and the shacks and the trees. A familiar scene, one that I see every day; but in it there is always something new, something different.

R. HURD.

Literary Society

We were to have a Literary Society. Enthusiastically a meeting was held in the auditorium. B. Gowans and J. McKeown were nominated as likely presidents. Each had his or her own representatives in every form, one for the boys and one for the girls. Finally the candidates were to present their respective platforms and we were ready to hear them. Three o'clock arrived. The students were restless for great happenings were expected at the school that afternoon. The spirit of election seemed to be in the

air. It was indeed, for the literary movement was about to start off on its career. The scene was set; the pupils were waiting, quiet reigned. Then Barbara Gowans and John McKeowns, followed by their committees, took their places on the platform. Everything was ready. Our two candidates running for the presidency seemed to revel in the awe created as they looked down upon us; I wonder what their feeling really was.

Mr. Danard, taking his place as chairman, gave us a short address in which he stated the purpose of the meeting. He then called

on Barbara as first speaker, and the others spoke in the following order, John McKeown, Irene Craig, Ruth Davis, Maurice Doyon and Bob Howard. The meeting was then closed by Mr. Danard who expressed his pleasure at its success and at the spirit shown, both by the student body and the candidates.

Everything now remained in the hands of the students. Cartoons and posters soon made their appearance; the electoral fever was spreading, for mass demonstrations took place in the halls. School blackboards were used for the silent election cry—"Down with the Barbarians, Up with the Cucumbers," or "Down with the Cucumbers, Up with the Barbarites."

On the following Friday morning, voting

took place in the form rooms and at four o'clock the results were announced. Groups of pupils jostled each other before the bulletin board. Here eager eyes sought the paper that proclaimed the cabinet elected.

Imagine the rejoicing among John's supporters and the consternation in Barbara's followers when John's name appeared with the word president.

The cabinet formed was John McKeown, president; Irene Craig, first vice-president; Bob Howard, second vice-president, and Agnes Schlievert, secretary.

Thus ended the first hard-fought political struggle of Kirkland Lake High School.

J. GRISDALE.

Songs Of Kirkland Lake High School

"After All You're All I'm After"—Fifty whole marks.

"Oh Sweet Mystery of Life"—That unknown quantity X.

"Can't Remember"—in History exam.

"Flappers on Parade"—Third form girls.

"Forgotten"—That Chemistry equation.

"Little White Lies"—9.05 a.m. in the office.

"Who Knows?"—in Upper School Algebra.

"Yours and Mine"—somebody's Geometry instruments.

"Three Little Words"—"Remain after four."

"Sweetheart of my Student Days"—Irene and Johnny.

"Cheer Up"—You can't get less than zero.

"That's All"—If it only were!

"Why Is There a Rainbow in the Sky?"—Physics question.

"One Heavenly Night"—Friday night.

"Sleepy Time Gal"—Ethel Duke."

"Blue Again"—Before the exam—and after.

"Say Au Revoir But ot Goodbye"—June.

"As I Went a Roaming"—Modern History class.

"Chant of the Jungle"—Class without a teacher.

"Have a Little Faith in Me"—From Upper School Latin class to Miss Raney.

"Laughing at Life"—First form.

"Smilin' Irish Eyes"—Miss O'Reilly.

"I Still Get a Thrill Thinking of You"—Cicero.

"Sing Something Simple"—In Literary Meeting.

"Dancing With Tears in My Eyes"—At the school dance.

"Little Things In Life"—Miss Ball and Miss O'Reilly.

NOTE OF THANKS

The Kirkland Lake High School would like to express its appreciation of the co-operation given by many of the citizens of the town; namely The Northern News, Strand Theatre, Daughters of the Empire, Royals Studios, Arena Management, Lake Shore Mines, Mines Hockey League Executive, Mitchell Hardware, Robertson's Hardware, Perkus Limited, and Doctor McBain, and also Miss Florence Schlievert, who so kindly assisted in the preparation of this book by typing our material.

To those who supported our school activities we tender our sincerest thanks.

A lady was driving along the street and drove into a roped-off area at a safety zone.

"Lady," said the policeman, "don't you know this is a safety zone?"

"Certainly," was the answer, "that's why I drove in here."

THIRD FORM PROPHECY

NAME	APPEARANCE	AGE	WEAKNESS	AMBITION	PROBABLE FATE
Andrew Black	Brunette	Bewildered	Boxing	Buccaneer	Bouncer
Arnold Boisvert	Boyish	Brilliant	Being Busy	Banker	Bankruptcy
Jack Bray	Bonny	Blessed	Blondes	To be Bald	Bachelor
Doug Briden	Beau	Breezy	"Boop-a-doop"	To be Somebody	Barber
Len Briden	Big	Babyish	Blushing	Ball Pitcher	Bishop
John Conlon	Calm	Cradle	Curls	Cave-man	Chaffeur
Edna Davis	Dimples	Debutante	Dieting	Dainty Dresses	Doubtful
Gordon Davis	Docile	Dauntless	Daydreaming	Detective	Dog Catcher
Gwen Devenny	Demure	Dangerous	Dancing	A Diamond	Dish Washing
David Duke	Dapper	Dashing	Dames	Doctor	Daisy-pusher
Larry Farrell	Freckles	Faithful	Falling Asleep	To Fly	Flivver
Peter Ginn	Grouchy	Goofy	Greta Garbo	To Grow Up	Gout
Jack Grisdale	Gallant	Growing	Girls	To Be a Gentleman	"Go-getter"
Harold Hallett	Hobbledehoy	Hopeless	Heroes	To Be Heroic	High School Teacher
Bobby Howard	Happy	Hopeful	Hockey	To Be Harboiled	Hen-pecked
Leo Howes	Harmless	Hoary	His Heart	Live to be a Hundred	Harpooner
Bill Hurd	Hazy	Headlong	His Hair	Horse Doctor	Heir to a Fortune
Annie Jones	Jaunty	Jeune	Jewelry	Job	Job
Jack Lampi	Length	Lacking	Latin	Lawyer	Loafer
Alec Latyn	Lamblike	Lucky	Limited	Life-saver	Long Life
Alma Maher	Mellow	Much too Young	Men	Marriage	Matron of Orphanage
Helen Milk	Maidenly	Mild	Macbeth	Money	Milk-maid
Louise Monroe	Modest	Modern	Matinees	Movie Queen	Missionary
Ray Norton	Nonchalant	Naughty	Numerous	Nil	None
Edna Sanders	Short	Sentimental	Smiling	Stage Star	Storekeeper
Agnes Schlievert	Sly	Singular	Sailors	Stenographer	Secretary
Eleanor Tuck	Torrid	Tender	Taffy	To Travel	Tinker
Carl Vasiloff	Very Young	Voting	Various	Vicar	Vagabond



Social

Owing to the fact that our new school was not completed in September we put off any social functions until we moved into the new school so our activities along this line have been very limited this term. Our first party was to have been before Christmas but due to a serious epidemic in the town it was postponed. After Christmas everybody seemed to be busy so that plans for our first party did not get under way till February.

Now that we are finally settled in our school we hope our social activities will be more numerous.

The first party held in our new school was on February the eighteenth. This long-looked for event had originally been planned as a Christmas party, but was unavoidably postponed.

When the students arrived they were astonished to see how the gymnasium had been transformed from an ordinary gymnasium to a room of subdued lights, gay balloons and streamers floating, seemingly unattached, which formed a perfect background for the light dresses of the girls and the darker suits of the boys. Much credit is due those pupils whose efforts combined to make such a picture.

Most of the staff were present and apparently spent an enjoyable evening.

The dance music was provided by Jerry Sweet and his orchestra.

Delicious refreshments were served in the lunch room under the able supervision of Mrs. Stinson, after which everybody agreed that it was one of the most successful school parties ever held here.

On March 21st we held our second party in the gymnasium in honor of two visiting hockey teams—the girls from Englehart and the boys from Timmins. Two hockey games were played before the party and as it was on a Saturday we had to stop at midnight. However, every minute of our short time was very enjoyable.

The music was again provided by Jerry Sweet and his orchestra and we tripped the light fantastic in our gymnasium, gaily decorated with coloured lights, balloons and streamers.

A dainty lunch was served in the lunch room, after which Mr. Danard made a short speech. Dancing was continued a little while longer but all too soon it was time to leave.

What would happen if:—

- (1) Nesta didn't do her homework.
- (2) Alice forgot her mirror.
- (3) Jessie scrawled.
- (4) Mamie was on time for classes.
- (5) Eva didn't blush.

Commencement

Weeks of preparation, hours of worry, moments of despair combined with a delightful anticipation and pervading all, a thrilling air of excitement culminated on Friday, May the first. Perhaps there is some excuse then, if classes took a second place that day.

Some careful planning and a few hours of of hard work and the "gym," under the supervision of Mrs. Stinson, was transformed into a charmingly decorated little theatre.

The costumes for the minuet arrived and there were wails heard from all sides. "Oh, Miss O'Reilly, my coat's miles too large!" "My wig's too small." "I can't get this dress around me at all." From another direction, too, there were groans. Some of the boys in the play were becoming nervous about their love scenes! And there were a few cases of last minute stage-fright to be warded off.

Somehow, at last, four o'clock came and we were dismissed with final instructions to be carried out when we returned in the evening.

Shortly before eight o'clock the guests began to arrive. Some of the older boys acted as ushers. In many instances it was the first opportunity of parents to view our demesne and it was with a proud air of proprietorship that objects of interest were pointed out to them.

From the moment the curtain rose for Mr. Danard's opening address until it fell on the smiling faces of all the evening's performers, after singing "God Save the King," the program was a pronounced success. Mr. Danard spoke briefly on the positions the students will some day occupy as Canada's men and

women, and the part their school has in shaping their futures. His words made a deep impression upon all who heard them.

The items on the program followed in quick succession; a welcoming chorus—a group of folk songs presented by girls from Second Form under the direction of Miss O'Reilly. Following this was the presentation of diplomas by Mr. Lillico, Chairman of the High School Board, to the graduates of the High School, and those of Middle and Upper School with the required number of subjects. Four special prizes, beautifully bound books of English Literature, were also given for outstanding remarks obtained during 1930, to Bessie McIntyre, Arnold Boisvert, Jean Danard and Irja Hakala. Boys from the physical training class, instructed by Mr. Muir, performed a very interesting and amusing display of physical stunts. These were followed by a picturesque scene—a court minuet—by eight senior girls who had been directed by Miss O'Reilly.

The second part of the program opened with a French play, "La Vaniteuse." This entertaining comedy was enacted by students of first form who had been instructed by Miss Ball. A group of choruses, all of which were prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Danard, followed. The curtain rose next on a short play, "The Trysting Place," by Booth Tarkington. The players, who showed themselves far from amateurs, had been directed by Miss Rutherford.

This followed by "There's a Land, a Dear Land" and "God Save the King," brought our first Commencement to a close.

MARY GINN.



FLORENA



Meditations

FLORENA

Future Shades Of Fourth And Fifth Forms

Who is this maid? What means her lay
That rises cheerful, bright and gay,
And follows fast the day's last ray,
With weird peculiar tremblings
Which brings back long lost lingerings
Of one, whose voice, sweet as a lark,
Has cheered us when the day was dark,
When she was only just eighteen?
You've guessed it now: it's our Irene.

And with her one of stately mien
Whose diamonds lend a radiant sheen
As great as that of any queen.
Her brown eyes do sparkle well;
Her laughter like a silvery bell
Awakens in us an odd sensation,
Recalling now the reputation
Of her whose laughter we knew well,
We have it! Yes! It's Isobel.

Here comes a doctor, stout and staid,
For neat incisions he is paid,
By those who like his helpful aid.
Of medium height, with eyes of blue,
A necktie matching their bright hue.
His pink complexion, straight fair hair,
Show good results of thoughtful care.
We're very sure he's reached his goal—
A surgeon now—it's Harold Tole.

Now, here stands one we know right well,
We wonder what he's trying to sell,
Such frightful wrath he seems to quell.
He's talking now of some oppression,
Which seems to cause this sad cessation.
Of market stocks, of bonds and money
He says that he will make things sunny.
You say his lis'ners never yawn?
Of course not; don't you know—it's John.

Here's one who writes down very fast
John's every word before 'tis past.
We're very sure she'll not be last!
A reporter, this, with hair of brown.
Don't say she's from our old home town;
Oh, no! but in a bus each morning
From gay Swastika she came touring,
Her quick, sure step, light as a fairy,
We're very sure that girl is Mary.

A tall, fair man with pencil, sketching
A really very funny etching;
A goodly yearly salary fetching;
Reminds us well of one we knew
When you and I were students too.
An artist now—he draws cartoons
In which men's faces are like moons,
To make you laugh he doesn't fail,
He never did; the same Ralph Dale.

Who is this man who talks so fast?
 A broadcaster; his field is vast.
 Look closely now; he paused at last,
 He's short and slim; has auburn hair.
 He says good goalies are so rare;
 This hockey match is quite exciting
 Because one goalie has them fighting;
 The puck the blue line never passes.
 About Maurice, Doug tells the masses.

Now, in comes one, pencil in hand,
 Of followers she has a band
 Right here and every other land.
 Smart dresses, rare, she does design;
 In some you dance, in some you dine.
 She sets the fashions with a bow,
 With waistlines high or waistlines low.
 She's small, and dark, excels in truth,
 Why, yes, it is our charming Ruth.

Saxaphones wail; the footlights flair;
 The stage is lit; there's a winding stair;
 Lightly with grace and a carefree air
 She comes, an apparition of light
 Dancing so fast, it's a beauteous sight.
 With a lovely glide she's off the stage.
 What a thunderous encore! She's quite the
 rage.

Her dancing brings forth no rebuke.
 On the road to fame is Ethel Duke.

Who is this man in white attire?
 With microscope and tube of fire?
 We fear results that might be dire.
 He fails to note our frightened gaze;
 He really seems quite in a daze;
 Look now, he's got what he was after;
 He seems quite pleased—bursts out in laugh-
 ter,
 A chemist now, research preferred.
 We might have known it, yes, Ralph Hurd.

Here are two houses side by side,
 With lawns so green and pathways wide,
 Untidiness they seem to chide.

Across the hedge two women chat,
 While on one step there sits a cat.
 Their faces most familiar seem;
 Their friendship close now sheds a beam
 Of light. Oh, yes, we know them well,
 It's Mamie and her friend, Maybelle.

In a room of gold and green
 A busy girl is plainly seen,
 Her hair has quite a radiant sheen.
 Houses fine she decorates
 And charges quite enormous rates.
 Her name adds style to any home,
 Her boudoirs are like airy foam.
 She's famous now—it must be fun;
 Yes, this is Norma Anderson.

Who is this hustling business man?
 Remember him? Why yes, I can,
 My, he was quite a hockey fan.
 But now he is the head postmaster
 And gets our letters out much faster.
 He really isn't very tall,

And on Ralph Dale he used to call.
 You've guessed it now, yes, you are right.
 It's Cecil Hallett still so bright.

These candy stores in mauve and white
 Are really quite a lovely sight,
 Enticing us to take a bite
 Of chocolate fudge, their specialty.
 We wonder who the owners be.
 Across the breadth of our domain
 These candy stores are known to fame.
 They're owned by two we used to know—
 Scotty and Mildred? Yes, that's so.

We hear a bell, how good it sounds!
 We hurry there by leaps and bounds—
 "To choose two dogs from a pack of hounds,
 Can this be done by permutations
 Or is it worked by combinations?"
 We hear one say, "How should we know?"
 We forgot all that some years ago,
 But look that teacher is really none
 Other than George Dickinson.

By skill and work she's famous quite
 For illustrating covers right.
 With black-eyed maids, hair dark as night,
 Some Titian blondes with eyes of blue
 Often adorn the covers, too.
 She's short, slim, dark, with eyes of
 brown,
 And never was she seen to frown.
 Behind fair Harold she did sit,
 Florena, with her jolly wit.

Towards this school with well known gait,
 A teacher walks at quite a rate;
 She must be very nearly late;
 Soon in her classroom to work she starts,
 Teaching the students the principal parts
 Of various verbs, arithmetic, art,
 History, geography—all have their part,
 And are taught with skill by one we
 knew—
 Dolly Axccl, an old classmate, too.

Who is this mining engineer?
 Mine manager for near a year,
 For one so young it's very queer.
 Why don't you recognize him now
 His hat is off? I've heard you vow
 You'd ne'er forget that head of hair,
 Curls like that are very rare.
 You know him now, my, weren't you
 dense?
 An old classmate, our tall Clarence.

Down the ice with a graceful stride,
 Clad in white with a skirt that's wide,
 Comes one who fills us with just pride.
 We knew her well at Kirkland High.
 As a fancy skater she doesn't tie
 But heads the list with points galore
 As over the ice she seems to soar.
 She's very fair, she's short and slim,
 Janet Macdonnel, so full of vim.

This diplomat to France so fair
 As a politician will not err,
 Soon we will be without a care.
 A fifth former—we knew him well
 In Modern History he did excel.
 In politics he'll win success.
 How far he'll go, we cannot guess.
 Yes, he was quite a friendly lad,
 Tom Lothian was never sad.

Here is a debutante, so smart,
 In society she takes her part,
 She'll surely wreck somebody's heart.
 Those dark-lashed, ever-laughing eyes
 Will cause some male full many sighs.
 She's rather short, her complexion fair,
 Seems fairer with her jet black hair.
 Yes, she is just the very same,
 Eileen our fondest thoughts did claim.

Here is a Mountie, straight and tall,
 From the Northern wilds he heard the call
 To the Arctic wastes with its snowy pall.
 To follow the trail "till he gets his man,"
 Is his duty, the question is not "if he can."
 And from this task he will never shrink
 Although it takes him to death's cold brink.
 To Kirkland High he came one day
 Don McLauchan, to fourth form gay.

I've seen so many shaded to-day
 Of those I knew when we were so gay,
 My head's most muddled I must say.
 An aspirin from this store I'll buy
 Or really I shall surely die.
 That all fair druggist looks to me
 As though a school-mate he might be.
 The seat in front of mine was his,
 Not Melville Basher? Yes, it is.

Everything is turned about,
 But what's the cause I can't find out.
 My sanity I surely doubt.
 I'm here alone, I'm just the same
 While all my friends are known to fame.
 The light is failing, now it's dark,
 I hear familiar voices, hark!
 "Wake up, you've slept through all your
 spare,
 Sleep now, Barbara, if you dare."

THE SIN OF OMISSION

It isn't the thing you do, friend,
 It's the thing you've left undone
 That gives you a bit of heartache
 At the setting of the sun.
 The Latin words forgotten,
 The History you did not write,
 The Physics you meant to do, friend,
 Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The Geometry you might have studied
 An hour or so each night,
 With a bit of French for company

Would have saved you many a fight.
 The loving thoughts of homework
 That often made you moan,
 When you had no time to think of,
 With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness
 So easily out of mind;
 These chances to be angels
 With every student finds—
 They come in night and silence—
 Each chill reproachful wraith,
 When hope is faint and flagging
 And a blight has dropped on faith.

For school life is all too short,
 And homework is all too great,
 To suffer our slow compassion
 That tarries until too late.
 And it's not the thing you do, friend,
 It's the thing you leave undone,
 That gives you a bit of heartache
 At the setting of the sun.

AGNES SCHLIEVERT.

LIMERICKS OF II A

There is a form—II A
 Which is always bright and gay,
 There are twenty-two classmates
 And they have their loves and hates
 And they work and play together in II A.

In the first seat sits fair Gladys,
 Whom among the girls is saddest,
 She is short and she is slim
 And is always full of vim,
 Our sweet little curly-haired Gladys.

Then following her is Jean,
 Her Pa of the school is the rean,
 She is clever indeed,
 Her class she doth lead,
 Our nice little darling wee Jean.

Next in line is pretty Ola,
 She detests the sight of coca-cola,
 She comes in the bus
 And is fond of a fuss
 Our naughty little brown-haired Ola.

The girl near the back is Inice
 Her mark is, in Algebra, minus,
 She is in the debate,
 And for school she's never late
 Our high-heeled flaxen haired Inice.

Now look at our bold Stella Teed,
 As her dog team through town she doth
 lead,
 My isn't she pretty,
 And say she is real witty
 Our dear friend the same Stella Teed.

Behind me sleeps Beatrice Scammel
 She's a quiet bright young damsel,

On the rink she is fine
And shines like a dime
And a hockey stick, too, she can handle.

In the fourth seat sits fair Irja,
In our play she's the Duke of Illyria,
She's a smart young wench,
Awfully good in French,
Is our one and only Irja.

Behind her is seated Alma,
No, her name is not quite Velma,
In report she stands high,
'Twould be hard to tie,
With our bright and happy young Alma.

The first in next row is Mary Black,
No energy does this girl lack,
Her hair is very dark,
And she sings just like a lark,
Our bold and daring Mary Black.

Next comes Martha the little colleen,
She looks so cute dressed up in green,
Like a true maid of Erin,
She can jig well and certain,
And at blarney she's "sure" very keen.

Next follows Edith Orser,
Who of two would never be the coarser,
She has fair golden locks,
And never knocks,
When who should be late by Miss Orser.

Then we have Ethel Anderson,
Who thinks she is really quite handsome,
Her hair's nearly red,
And, as one person said,
She's a real classy girl, is Miss Anderson.

Then first of the boys is young Franklyn,
Of the fair straggly hair he's the one,
He's hearty and hale,
And flies round at full sail,
This nice little, short little Franklyn.

In the first seat is English Wallace,
Who is always trying to kill us,
In Geometry, too,
He's much quicker than you,
Our happy young English tongue Wallace.

Behind him sits humorous Bill,
In French his mark's nearly nil,
But he doesn't care a scrap,
For next month he'd set a trap,
For one hundred in French, will Bill.

After him comes our well known Ken,
Of the class he's the tallest of men,
In French period, too,
He often gets blue,
But he soon becomes happy again.

Then comes Gerald McDougall,
In Arithmetic—what a noodle!
He has quite a big crush,
On a girl in our class,
But I'll say nought about it, McDougall.

Proceeding in next seat sits Charles,
Who is always found in barrels,
He's hiding from school,
As in the play he's a fool,
We all sympathize with poor Charles.

Then there's our jumper, Onni,
Who runs like a Shetland pony,
He's as clever as he's tall,
And as strong as a Roman wall,
Is this curious funny old Onni.

Here comes Harold Bousu,
Who says "Boo-boo-boop-a-doo,"
He's clever at that,
And they say he can bat,
And he's always in trouble is Bousu.

Next in line is Leo Behie,
Who has certainly got the "tee-hee's,"
He has also got a crush,
On the same girl in the class,
And her initials are truly O.B.

Then comes that crazy McPhee,
Whose name has become Pee-Wee,
His long mop of hair,
Is like the coat of a bear,
And he sings like a bee does he.

MARGARET MCPHEE

KEEP ON DOING

There's lots of joy in school life if you strike
the proper gait;
If you'll always come up smiling in the
face of every fate;
If you keep in step and whistle some lively
little tune,
School life will be as happy as a sunny
day in June.
Keep a level head, don't worry, help your
teachers on the way,
Let the sunshine of good humor shine
upon you every day;
Speak a cheerful word at all times; never
harm your fellow man,
And you'll surely be rewarded—just keep
doing all you can.

There is lots of joy in school life if you do
your work aright,
Lots of sunshine and of roses; keep your
eyes turned to the light.
Look behind the clouds of trouble, there's a
silver lining there,
And you'll find it if you're living life
upon the square.
Scatter good cheer like the thistle scatters
seed before the wind,
And the petty woes and troubles soon will
vanish you will find.
Be an optimist every minute, help along your
fellow man,
And you'll surely be rewarded—just keep
doing all you can.

AGNES SCHLIEVERT.

FORM I A

Patricia Connelly:
"Life without laughing is a dreary blank."

Emily Gabriel:
"Little by little all tasks are done,
So are the crowns of the faithful one."

Elenor Gudrie:
A modest blush she wears, not formed
by art.

Frances Harrison:
"Kind but not in words alone."

Phyllis Hollinger:
"All's well to her—above her ban,
She'd make sweet eyes at any man."

Edith Holmes:
She lives not on earth but amid the
clouds.

Helen Kinniburgh:
As merry as the day is long.

Kathleen LaBelle:
The sweetest grapes hang highest.

Simica Lemick:
Stillest streams oft water greenest pas-
tures.

Frances Larocque:
In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her
eye.

Nancy Lothian:
Here's to the girl with eyes of blue,
Whose heart is kind and love is true.

Mary Melong:
A pearl of great price.

Theresa Melong:
Like the wind in summer sighing,
Her voice was low and sweet.

Jenny Morris:
Oh, music! sphere descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid.

Toini Niskavaara:
Good nature and good sense ever united.

Roberta Orser:
A face with gladness overspread.

Dominica Radul:
Honour waits at labour's gates.

Lucie Robertson:
Labour is the keynote of success.

Barbara Sankey:
She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon our sight.

Ruth Sherman:
A winning way—a pleasant smile.

Harveline Simms:
The habit of looking on the best side of
everything is worth at least a thousand
pounds a year.

Beatrice Speck:
Just a flower that grew and grew, worry-
ing not at the things of the earth.

Marie Tessier:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness and
all her paths are peace.

Dora Thompson:
A quiet youth of modest mien.

Elizabeth Trim:
Happy am I, from care I am free.

Bernice Wilkes:
Good things are always done up in small
packages.

OUR HERITAGE

Up comes the sun,
A golden ball,
The day's begun,
The sea gulls call,
Light blue the sky,
Deep green the sea,
A heritage
To you and me.

The whispering pines,
So straight and tall,
The wandering vines,
The robin's call.
The daisies scattered
O'er the lea,
A heritage
To you and me.

The ruby glow,
The sun's last ray,
The fallen dew
At close of day.
The sighing breeze,
Soon hushed t'will be,
A heritage
To you and me.

B. GOWANS

WITH APOLOGIES TO BYRON

The principal comes down like a wolf on our fold,

His necktie is gleaming in purple and gold;

The light in his eyes is most dreadful to see,

All fifth form is frightened as frightened can be.

Like the leaves in the tempest when tossed by the gale,

All fifth form is trembling—turns paler than pale,

Like the leaves in the evening when o'er is the storm.

All the frightened relax in that sadly doomed form.

For a messenger came in the midst of the blast,

And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,

The harsh words unspoken, again we're alone,

The lecture's not given, he's call to the phone.

DREAM SHIPS

Upon the sea of memory

My dream ships come and go,

The sails of white all shining bright

Are filled with wind and so

They cross the rolling blue

And I am carried with them, too.

I sail that sea of memory,

With joyous heart and free,

The golden shores of fairer realms

Are just ahead of me.

And so I reach that strand so gay,

The magic land of yesterday.

B. GOWANS.

Things You Ought To Know

Much butter is imported from Denmark because their cows have greater enterprise and superior technical education than ours.

Polyps swim about the sea when they are young and when they get old they fasten themselves on their relations and live like that for the rest of their lives.

Coal is decayed vegetarians.

Many ships use Calcutta as a coaling station—hence the term "Black Hole of Calcutta."

The Isle of Honolulu is justly celebrated for its climate as well as for its dusky maidens. Both are praised in current song.

Every German goes to school at an early age, however old he is.

The population of London is a bit too thick.

A parallel straight line is one that when produced to meet itself does not meet.

The Duke of Marlborough was a great general who always commenced a battle with a fixed determination to win or lose.

Virgil was in love with a girl named Enid and wrote a lot of books about her.

If the air contains more than 100% carbolic acid, it is very injurious to health.

Our school is ventilated by hot currants.

A theorem—derived from "Theos" a god and "res" a thing is a problem needing divine intelligence.

The Duke of Marlborough was a man of exceedingly fine character, omitting his vices, which were many.

A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian.

Joan of Arc was Noah's sister.

Switzerland is a very wonderful place; you can oft see the mountains touring among the clouds.

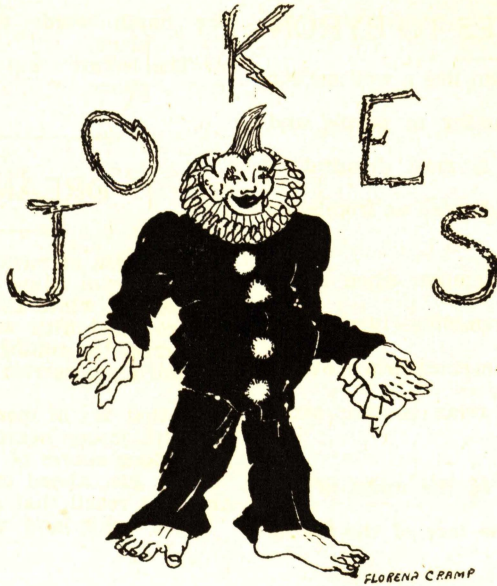
Natal has a very heavy summer rainfall, but most of it falls in winter.

The climate of Bombay is such that its inhabitants have to live elsewhere.

The Esquimaux are God's frozen people.

Everybody needs a holiday from one year's end to another.

A sheep is mutton covered with wool.



RED LETTER DAYS ON OUR CALENDAR

- September 3:
Everybody back at school ready to work.
- October 15:
Isobel arrived on time!
- November 7:
Miss O'Reilly grew an inch.
- November 24:
Florena couldn't translate a Latin sentence.
- December 4:
Thelma didn't talk during Physics class.
- December 18:
Mr. Muir passed by Fifth Form without looking in!!
- January 12:
Irene and Johnny declared a truce for ten minutes—reason unknown.
- February 13th, Friday:
Nobody late!
- February 26:
Tom stayed at school all day.
- March 3:
Senior and Junior girls didn't quarrel about the gymnasium.
- March 10:
Norma had to wait on the bus.
- March 13, Friday:
Mr. Danard didn't say, "That's not hard."
- April 1:
Nobody fooled.
- June 8:
Fifth Form decides to study.
- June 12:
Everybody at school.
- June 15:
No examinations!

THE SONGS OF SOME OF I B GIRLS

Emma—"I'm sorry I made you cry but it made your face cleaner."

Mac MacDonald—"Dancing with tears in my eyes 'cause my partner is an onion."

Mabel Collin—"Down by the Old Mill Stream where I first ducked you."

- A—is for Algebra
To teach it's a shame.
- B—is for Badminton
Now a popular game.
- C—is for Composition
Such breath-taking stories!
- D—is for Danard,
He's sure got his worries.
- E—is for English
Sometimes we abuse it.
- F—is for French
Glad we don't use it.
- G—is for Geometry
We know our triangles.
- H—is for History
So dry it just strangles.
- I—is for Ink
We've been spilling for years.
- J—is for June
"Twill confirm all our fears.
- K—is for K. H. S.
The seat of our pride.
- L—is for Latin
Why, the Romans all died.
- M—is for Matinees
We must oft let pass by.

N—is for Nervousness
 When exam. time is night.
 O—is for O'Reilly
 Our form teacher, dear.
 P—is for Physics
 Nearly wrecked our career.
 Q—is for Questions
 Fired at us like thunder.
 R—is for Reports
 With sad remarks under.
 S—is for Silence
 Which so seldom reigns.
 T—is for Trigonometry
 Which teases our brains.
 U—is for University
 We'll go to, perhaps.
 V—is for Vacuum
 We have under our caps.
 W—is for Wisdom
 We strive to attain.
 X—is the unknown
 We hunt for in vain.
 Y—is for the Youth
 Who fill our vast hall.
 Z—is the letter
 That says this is all.

FLORENA CRAMP.

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age,
 just laugh at the age of the jokes.

There are jokes that make you laugh,
 There are jokes that make you groan,
 But the jokes that seem most funny,
 Are the jokes that are your own.

Arithmetic was a terror,
 Grammar made me sad,
 Geography did puzzle me,
 But History drives me mad.

Teacher—"Jack, what is meant by the Renaissance?"
 Jack—"The revival of new learning."
 Teacher—"When did it take place."
 Jack—"One day before the examinations."

"What is wrong with this sentence?" asked the teacher—"The horse and cow is in the field."
 A boy spoke up. "The cow and horse is in the field."
 "What makes you correct it in that way, William?"
 "The lady should always be mentioned first," said Billy.

Lost—A fountain pen by a young man full of ink. Reward.

Irene, (11 p.m.)—"I feel just like an orphan."
 Ruth—"Why?"
 Irene—"Because I'm cold and hungry."

Miss Salsbury, (in Geography class)—
 "What do you consider the most important use of wool?"
 Bright Student—"To keep the sheep warm."

Student in Latin, (reads first two words)—
 "May I be excused, Miss Raney, that's as far as I got?"

Teacher—"What three words are used most in this class?"
 Student—"I don't know."
 Teacher—"Correct, be seated."

Miss Raney (translating Virgil)—"The women grasp the posts in their embrace and imprint kisses on them—"
 Ethel—"Say, that was just a case of mistaken identity."

Customer to photographer—"Do you make life-size enlargements?"
 Photographer—"That's our specialty."
 Customer—"Very well, then, here's a snapshot of Niagara Falls."

Miss Rutherford—"What are the inhabitants of Moscow called?"
 Tom—"Mosquitoes."

Miss Salsbury, (meaning Isle of Man)—
 "Can anyone tell me what island there is off the English coast which from its name you would judge to be inhabited by people of the male sex only?"
 Phyllis (promptly)—"The Scilly Isles."

Miss O'Reilly—"In the sentence 'God save the king' parse 'save' Alex."
 Alex—"Save is present subjunctive, subjunctive because we don't know if God will save the king or not."

Jack—"Dad, what are ancestors?"
 Dad—"Well, my boy, I'm one of your ancestors; your grandfather is another."
 Jack—"Then why do people brag about them?"

"What kind of car has Tom?"
 "Well, he'd feel tremendously flattered if you called it second-hand."

Miss Rutherford (in History class)—"Who is the greatest German general?"
 Maurice—"General Von Hindenburg."
 Miss Rutherford—"And who is the greatest American general?"
 Maurice—"General Motors."

Don't worry if your job is small
 And your rewards are few;
 Remember that the mighty oak
 Was once a nut like you.

Miss Rutherford—"What do we mean when we use the term, the partition of Poland?"
 Cecil—"We refer to a wall built to keep the Germans out of Russia."

Miss Salsbury—"Where was the Magna Carta signed?"
 Jean—"At the bottom."

Norma was driving along the Swastika-Kirkland highway when she spied a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles. "Fools!" she exclaimed to her companion, "they must think I never drove a car before."

"What do you think I'll get for this composition?"
 Miss Rutherford—"The opportunity of re-writing it."

"I think this scenery is just heavenly."
 "Um, I don't know; take away the mountains and the lake and it's just the same as anywhere else."

First the world was flat, then it was round, now it's crooked.

Miss O'Reilly—"Define an abstract noun."
 Margaret—"An abstract noun is the name of something which has no existence, as goodness."

Miss Raney—"A philosopher is a man who makes the best of a bad job. Why was Socrates a philosopher?"
 Tubby—"Because he didn't worry much when he was poisoned."

Miss O'Reilly—"Give the future of 'I give'."
 Ken—"You take."

Miss Salsbury—"Explain the difference between climate and weather, Ruth."
 Ruth—"Climate lasts all the time but weather only lasts a few days."

Miss Rutherford—"Explain why the sun never sets on the British Empire."
 Alma—"Because the British Empire is in the East and the sun sets in the West."

Ray—"How do you keep your graefruit from squirting in your eye at breakfast?"
 Charlie—"I dunno!"
 Ray—"Eat cornflakes."

"Hullo, Tom, old man. Where have you been?"
 "Just got back from a camping trip."
 "Roughing it, eh?"
 "You bet! Why one day our portable dynamo went on the blink and we had no hot water, heat, electric lights, ice or radio for almost two hours."

She (at athletic meet)—"Where are your angry farmers?"
 He (baffled)—"Why—what angry farmers?"
 She—"Didn't you say we would see the cross-country men?"

Miss Rutherford—"Explain this passage, Ray."
 Norton—"The lark that soars on dewy wing' means that the lark was going so high and flapping his wings so hard that he broke into perspiration."

DR. P. HILL

Dentist



R. & E. Block, Kirkland Lake

Izzy—"I've had such a hard life, at the age of eighteen I was left an orphan."

Dizzy—"Whatever did you do with it?"

Doris—"Come, gang, come! Look quick, someone has fallen from the chemistry window!"

Alice—"Did he hurt himself?"

Doris—"I don't know, he hasn't stopped falling yet!"

"There's a young woman who makes little things count."

"What does she do?"

"She teaches arithmetic in a primary class."

John—"All that I am I owe to my Mother."

Flo—"Why don't you give her thirty cents and square the account?"

"Use 'dimension' in a sentence."

"Don't forget dimension my name."

Barbara (in city to policeman)—"Could you see me across the street?"

Policeman—"Sure, miss, I could see you three blocks away."

"It's hard to drive a bargain," said the farmer who had bought an old Ford for \$10.00.

Judge—"Haven't you appeared before as witness in this suit, Miss?"

Sweet Young Thing—"Why, of course not. This is the first time I've ever worn it."

Tole (sniffin')—"I have a cold or something in my head."

Miss Raney—"A cold undoubtedly."

First Student—"When do you come to the most interesting part of Algebra?"

Second Student—"When you finish it."

Phyllis H.—"I notice my report credits me with a zero. I hardly think my work deserved such a mark as that."

Mr. Muir—"No, but it was the lowest the staff allows me to give."

Isobel—"Are you a good cook and laundress?"

Florena—"Do I look like twins?"

Miss Salsbury—"What is rhubarb?"

Irene—"A kind of celery gone bloodshot."

Mary—"I can't find my Geometry text book—"

Norma—"You didn't by any chance forget and take it home last night?"

She—"Where is your chivalry?"

He—"I turned it in for a Buick."

Miss Salsbury—"How did you get the idea that Margaret of Anjou was fat?"

Jean—"Well it says here that she was one of Henry's stoutest supporters."

Kate—"Why, yes, honestly girls, I took a prize at a beauty test."

Irene—"You did!"

Kate (sighing)—"Yes, but they saw me and I had to put it back!"

"What," asked Miss Ball, "are the silent watches of the night?"

One of the boys in the back row drawled, "The watch that wasn't wound."

Bob Howard (telling of his latest experiences)—"Coming out of the jungle I was confronted by a yawning chasm—"

Leo Howes (bored)—"Was it yawning before it saw you?"

Shop of Fashion-Craft Clothes

KELLY'S
Men's Wear

Kirkland Lake - Ont.

Miss Salsbury (botany teacher)—“Doris, what a beautiful geranium, did you grow it?”

Doris—“Yes, Miss Salsbury, I raised it from a pot.”

Mr. Danard—“Now we’re getting there, follow closely while I run over this board.”

Miss Salsbury—“William the Conqueror landed in 1066 A.D. What does A.D. mean?”
Phyllis—“After dark!”

Miss Rutherford (in Modern History class)—“Where did most of the Irishmen go when they were exiled?”

Eileen—“They all went over to the United States and became policemen.”

Mr. Danard (to Bill, presenting a note of apology in a suspicious looking handwriting)—“Are you sure this is your Mother’s handwriting?”

Bill—“Yes, sir, but you see she stutters horribly.”

Jack Grisdale (reading his composition describing a scene in Uncle Tom’s Cabin)—“Toby grinned at Miss Ophelia displacing a beautiful set of white teeth.”

First Flapper—“How do you like my new dress?”

Second Nitwit—“It looks just like a sponge.”

First Ditto—“How do you get that way?”

Second Ditto—“It’s just swell.”

Science Teacher—“Science has discovered that light travels 186,000 miles per second.”

Windy—“Well, I know it always gets here too early in the morning anyway.”

He—“Why, riding in an aeroplane is as safe as lying in your bed.”

She—“Yes, but remember a lot of people die lying in bed.”

John—“You should apologize for saying I looked like a monkey in the Zoo.”

Irene—“I will, next time I see the monkey.”

Harold—“You say that one of the men was saved when the dynamite exploded, because he kept his head?”

Florena—“Yes, one was calm, the other was collected.”

Did you hear about the girl who was conventional she wouldn’t work with improper fractions?”

Miss Ball—“In Caesar’s speech, ‘Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?’ What does ‘bootless’ mean, Helvi?”

Helvi—“He knelt before Caesar in his bare feet.”

Mr. Danard (in Geography class)—“Where do we get our dishes and cutlery?”

Goofy—“From Eaton’s.”

Isobel—“Did you hear about the Scotchman who went fishing with bated breath?”

Thelma—“No!”

John—“I might be able to get a position there because they know me.”

Harold—“According to my logic that would make it all the more difficult.”

Olive—“So you’ve been abroad! How did you like Venice?”

Mamie—“I only stayed a few days—the whole place was flooded.”

She’s so dumb that when she goes driving she waits for the northern lights to change.

Miss O’Reilly (in gym)—“Keep at least two feet from the floor.”

Student—“Miss Rutherford, are our History marks in?”

Miss Rutherford—“The papers haven’t been corrected yet.”

Second Student (two minutes later)—“Miss Rutherford, are the History papers corrected?”

Miss Rutherford—“No!”

Third Student—“Are the History marks—”

Miss Rutherford—“Er—when those papers are marked I’ll blow a horn.”

E. G.—“Mrs. Stowe wrote ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ under very disheartening circumstances. She had many children and her husband was a minister.”

“That man is an awful bore.”

“Why?”

“He makes worm holes in antique furniture.”

Student to teacher—“Where do bugs go in the winter?”

Teacher (scratching her head)—“Search me.”

Miss O’Reilly — “Where’s your French homework?”

Mary—“I’ll bite, where is it?”

Mr. Danard—“You would do well with a few hours sleep.”

Ethel—“Yes, sir; but you see I had only one period before this one.”

Fatso was seen walking around the school with a heavy rope in his hand. Someone asked him what was the idea, and Fatso said that he didn’t know whether he had found a rope or lost a cow.

John—“We get ‘Moonlight on the Colorado’ every night on the radio.”

George—“That’s nothing, we get ‘Bacon on the Rhine’ every morning.”

Ralph Hurd—“The marvels of electricity have set me thinking.”

Basher (quietly)—“Isn’t it wonderful what electricity can do.”

Miss Rutherford—“Who made the first cotton gin?”

Tom—“Gosh! Do they make it from that now?”

Correct This Sentence

Miss Raney to Ethel—“Your Latin paper was one of the best.”

“When you’re down town will you get me some rat poison?”

“Will I have it sent over?”

“Well, you don’t expect me to send the rats, do you?”

Teacher (after a long argument)—“I wonder what would happen if you and I agreed on anything?”

Scotty Craig—“I’d be wrong.”

“Pretty soft” said Doug., as he scratched his head.

Mrs. Stinson—Now, watch the board while I run through it again.

Ethel says that the meanest man she knows is the farmer who put green spectacles on his horse and fed him shavings instead of grass.

Bernice (Shanty) Wilke

Jane (Pals)
signing for 2/2.

Muriel Parker

Jenny Morris

Mamie Ansara

Autographs



as bad as I am
as good as you are
I'm as good as
you are
as bad as I am.

Lizzie Grim.

Lucie E. Robertson

Paul Sherman

Keffings

Marceline (Sippo) Linno.

Maralyn Black

Alie Berry

Nancy Lathian

Jean Dorand

Helen Carroce
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Barbara Santee

Dominica
Radul

Dora Thompson

Erinly Gabriel

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William

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